

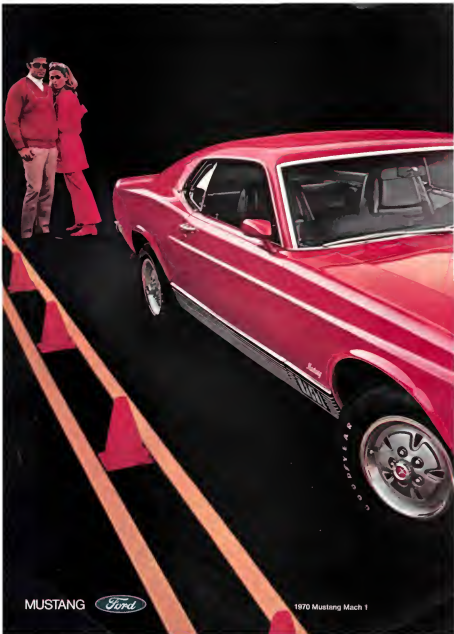
RAMS TOP COLTS IN UPSET WEEK

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 28, 1969 60 CENTS

JIMMY JONES LEADS USC OVER NEBRASKA





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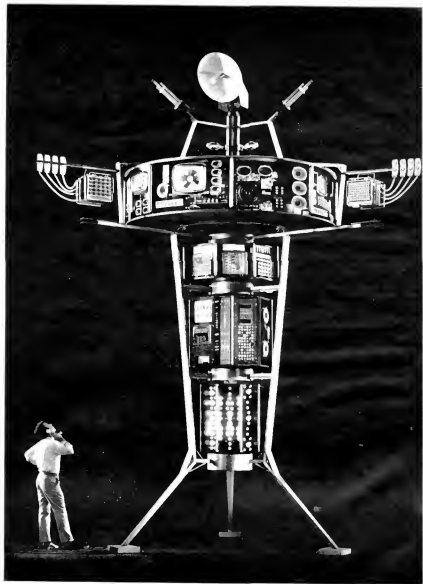
THE SEASON ENDS William Leggett hears the thunder and lightning of Baltimore and Minnesota and follows the Mets and the National League West in the last hectic days

THE BATTLE FOR ND begins in earnest as Ohio State, the nation's top team, plays TCU. Will the Buckeyes be overconfident? Can Rex Kern survive injury? Dan Jenkins reports

THERE SHE IS, Miss America, and there she ever may be. Pat Ryan examines the contest that crowns our queen and tells how it became starry tradition for some, high camp for others

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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

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7. Why a new definition of death is the subject of controversy at the American Medical Association.
8. How some organized groups of housewives are waging a battle against high prices and inadequate service.
9. How you can increase and perhaps double your life insurance coverage... without spending a penny more.
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11. Steps to take immediately to protect yourself if you lose your credit cards.
12. Why house-hunters should check the size of the furniture in model homes.
13. Why Canadian officials are considering making it easier for U.S. Army deserters to find sanctuary in Canada.
14. How a scientist in Pennsylvania is teaching trees to resist air pollution.
15. How to save money - perhaps hundreds of dollars-when purchasing a new car.
16. Why a well-known zoologist thinks it may soon become necessary to let the grizzly bear become extinct.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No - a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really explains the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

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For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem of two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which helps you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Complex Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car... a camera... or take a vacation cruise.

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FOOTLOOSE

If you are a touring softball enthusiast, then Clearwater, Fla. is the place to go.

Clearwater, Fla. is a nice place to visit. Moreover, a lot of people want to live there. In the past 20 years the population has jumped from 15,000 to more than three times that number without, so far, spoiling the essential character of the town. Clearwater's streets are scrupulously clean, neon signs are at a minimum and the general tone of the town is set by the classical fare that emanates from the local radio station, WQXM—a welcome relief from the washboard strummers and cornball solos you jump most of the South's airwaves.

Northern sports fans may be aware of Clearwater only because that is where the Phillies go for spring training. But Clearwater's own fans can't wait for the Phillies to move out of Jack Russell Stadium so that the real champs, the Clearwater Bombers, can move in. The Bombers are the pride of the area. The best softball team in the world, they have won the national championship nine times. They started out in the 1940s as the Blackburn Bombers, sponsored by a lumber company. Then local merchants took over, and all the team's expenses are now underwritten by the city and the Bomber Boosters, who pay \$25 for a season ticket. Regular admission to Bomber games is only \$1 on weekends and \$0.50 for adults, 25¢ for children on week nights, and the Bombers play mostly eight doubleheaders from late April through August. They also play about 15 games on the road, traveling as far as Washington D.C.

The Bomber players, known to every kid in town, are strictly amateurs. "They're good boys," says Joe Lewin, a hospital comptroller who is the manager, "and they play very well as a team." Some of the stars are Ron Weatherly, the slugging outfielder who is purchasing agent for a lumber company; Bill Parker, 300-hitting second baseman and assembly line foreman, and Weldon Haney, a carpenter who both pitches and plays center field.

Fishermen find no shortage of charter or party boats. The footloose angler may also cast from shore or pay an admission fee to fish from Big Pier 16, which juts into the Gulf. The usual bait is live shrimp, and the fish range from small, plump butterfish to large tarpon.

Sixteen miles from Clearwater is a pleasant little Thoroughbred racetrack, Florida Downs, formerly Sunshine Park, which was the favorite racing site of the late Grantland Rice. The horses are cheaper than at the larger Florida tracks, and the patrons are gentler and look local. Clearwater residents and visitors come over for the chance to win in the Daily Double or the Perfecta. Payouts are sometimes large and sunshine is usually prevalent.

—ROBERT H. BEVIS

If you've ever made a phone call, followed a satellite, watched color TV (or black & white, for that matter), turned on a light, taken a flash picture, gotten an instant stock quotation...

If you've ever sent an electro-cardiogram by phone, seen the San Diego Chargers win a night game, listened to Rock on Stereo or Bach on FM, then you're acquainted with our versatile friend on the left.

A man of many parts, you'd have to say
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The little



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Walk around the car from front to rear.

Notice that the Hornet has a solid aluminum grille.

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Open a door and listen for the reassuring *thunk* you get when you close it.

Look at the wheels. Electronically



rich car.



Hornet SST

balanced at the factory, they are a full fourteen inches in diameter and they cost more.

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SCORECARD

900 TO 30 TO 1

Wayne Duke, commissioner of the Big Eight conference, says in a recent issue of *NCAA News* that an interscholastic survey reported 902,430 boys playing high school football last fall. A similar survey by the NCAA found that there were about 30,000 college football players in 1968. The 26 teams in the AFL and NFL carry 40 men each, or a total of 1,040. An interesting ratio: 900,000 to 30,000 to 1,000. In other words, 29 out of 30 high school players do not go on to play college ball, and 29 out of 30 collegians do not make it with the professionals.

Duke, citing such figures, says, "Those of us in interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics better have other purposes and objectives for our programs than merely producing players for the colleges and the pros."

Amen

PESO RAPID

Everybody knows all about the shrewd American businessman, the one with the eye out for the quick buck. But a Mexican named Juan Peimbert makes the classic American sharp operator look like a country bumpkin. or, in Mexico, a *charro*. Has any *jockey* ever thought of taking out a copyright on, say, the World Series or the Super Bowl? Never. But old Juan, almost as soon as he learned a few years ago that soccer's quadrennial World Cup competition was coming to Mexico City in 1970, officially registered for his own use the treasured phrase "World Cup."

What this meant was that Mexico's organizing committee for the World Cup could no longer apply that name to the competition. It could not be used on stationery or in publicity or even on tickets. Naturally, the committee screamed and went to court, but Peimbert retained the rights to "World Cup." He intends to use it on a variety of souvenirs that he'll put up for sale during the competition. The committee had to settle

for "The IX Football World Championship," though most of its advertisements say simply "Mexico 70."

Can you imagine Pete Rozelle suddenly having to refer to that showdown in January as the Very Big Bowl Game?

POOR PACKAGE DEAL

During World War II one often had to buy an unwanted bottle of cheap liquor in order to get a scarce bottle of Scotch. Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, tried the trick a few weeks ago when he issued a ukase that next year purchases of season tickets would have to buy tickets to two preseason games as well. An angry hurricane raged in Baltimore, and Rosenbloom quickly retreated. Fans, he announced, would have the right to reject the exhibition games if they desired and still retain their season tickets. He added that he intended to hold a poll of ticket purchasers next year to decide future policy. Vote No along the Colts line.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS

Not long before Charlie Finley fired Hank Bauer as manager of his Oakland Athletics (the ninth time in nine years that a Finley manager has gone the way of all managers), an article in *The Wall Street Journal* commented, "The Oakland Athletics are one of the worst-run outfits around. If Finley ran his insurance business the way he runs his ball club, he'd be broke in a week."

Finley's reaction was a remarkably calm one for the volatile Charlie. He said, "The man is correct, if he means it the way I think he does. If anyone had to operate other businesses the way baseball owners must operate theirs, they'd all go broke. I gave Rick Monday \$100,000 and a new automobile to sign with the A's. In my insurance business I don't give some college graduate \$100,000 to come work for me. And the system is unfair. I have another star, Cammy Campaneris, who got only \$580. Lew Krausse got \$125,000, Jim Nash

only \$4,000. Is that good business?"

"If that fellow in the article meant something else, if he was just being facetious—well, it's none of his damn business how I run my ball club. It's my money. All I'm interested in is producing a winner."

PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE

"Gentlemen, start your pipes," called the timekeeper, and the world pipe-smoking championship was under way in Washington, Mo., the corn-cob pipe capital of the world. Eighty-six minutes and three seconds later it was all over, when winner Nelson Hall's pipe finally went out. Hall had a comfortable eight-minute edge over Paul T. Spaniola, who had won the championship twice previously. Another double winner, Frank J. Frankenberg, a local boy, stunned his followers by being the first contestant ruled off, his pipe went out after only 28 minutes, which is like stumbling in the starting gate. "I don't know what happened," said a badly shaken Fran-



kenberg. "It just went out. I guess I didn't smoke it fast enough."

Each contestant was given 3.3 grams of cube-cut burley and each was allowed two kitchen matches. They had one minute to light their pipes and at any time during the contest were obliged to emit smoke from their mouths, if so requested by the judges. The field included two women and entrants from Italy and England. Gianni Davoli of Milan said when his pipe went out, "A big wind came by." Teammate Umberto Montefame-

continued

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Cardovan Oxfords		
Black Loafers		
Cardovan Loafers		
Black Wing Tips		
Brown Wing Tips		
Black Monk Strap		

SCORECARD

glio commented, "The tobacco tastes good but it doesn't burn very well." Peter Fischer of London blamed his failure on "a sudden obstruction."

Hall's winning time was 39 minutes short of the world record that had been set in 1954, but he was happy just to have won the championship. "I was relaxed from the start," he said. "That's what it takes."

John Ulmer, yet another two-time champion, who finished fourth this time, said, "The way you pack the tobacco is more important than the way you puff on the pipe. If you pack it too loose, it burns too fast. If you pack it too tight, it smothers the fire. I pack my pipe by hand rather than with a tamper. You get a better feel that way."

FACTS OF LIFE

Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, athletic director at the University of Wisconsin, has told the education committee of the state assembly that the university needs additional athletic scholarship funds in order to be able to compete with other Big Ten schools (Wisconsin has had terrible football teams in recent years). Hirsch was speaking in support of a proposed bill before the legislature that would provide about 750 athletic scholarships, up to 280 for Wisconsin and 40 each for 12 other state schools. The new bill would replace an existing legislative scholarship plan under which each of Wisconsin's 133 legislators can select a scholarship student annually. Less than half of these legislative scholarships go to athletes.

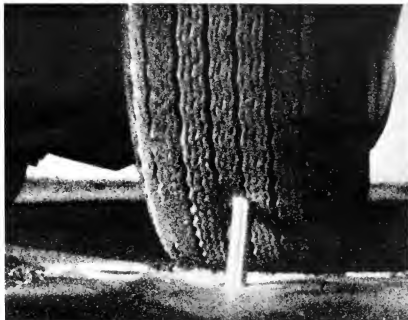
Hirsch said the athletic department faced a \$200,000 deficit and that unless the deficit could be corrected minor sports would have to be cut back. An assemblyman who supports the new bill added that because of the deficit Wisconsin could not offer the maximum number of scholarships permitted under Big Ten rules.

No one spoke against the bill at the committee hearing.

RIGHTY PERCENT

Roger Craig, once a National League pitching star and now pitching coach with the San Diego Padres, argues rather persuasively that while storied oddsmakers like Walter Johnson, Cy Young and Christy Mathewson may well have been the equal of Sandy Koufax, Bob Gibson, Warren Spahn and other pitch-

continued



Photograph made by a special high-speed camera during an actual 60-mph test run over a 2 1/2-inch plastic rod, 3/8-inch diameter.

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The end of the slack slack.



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SCORECARD CONTINUED

ing stars of the last two decades, they could not possibly have been better.

"The reason," says the Southern-born and Southern-bred Craig, "is the colored guys. Those oldtimers didn't have to pitch against batters like Willie Mays and Henry Aaron and Roberto Clemente and Frank Robinson and Reggie Jackson and Richie Allen. They had Cobb and Wagner and Ruth, but they didn't have as many good hitters, and it's because they didn't have the colored guys. Your superstars today, your big hitters—I guess 80% of them are colored."

A quick check of the batting leaders as the season headed into its final two weeks bears out Craig's argument. In the American League black players were first or tied for first in batting average and home runs, first and second in runs scored and triples, and first, second and third in hits and doubles. In the National League blacks were first in batting and hits, first, second and third in triples; first, second, third, fourth and fifth in home runs, and second, third, fourth and fifth in doubles and runs batted in. Among the top five players in each of seven batting categories—average, runs, hits, RBIs, doubles, triples and homers—black players in the National League were in 28 of 35 possible places, or precisely 80%.

If this keeps up, someday they'll be referring to Babe Ruth as the white Henry Aaron.

THE EVILS OF GAMBLING

Alva C. Long is an Auburn, Wash., attorney who delights in filing suits to point up what he calls "the double standard in law enforcement." He once brought an action against several large supermarkets to prevent them from selling greenies on Sunday. Partly because of this effort, Washington's blue laws were repealed. Another time he filed suit against the Elks Club to prevent bingo playing. Long won that case, too, which enraged his fellow Elks.

Frustrated at what he feels is a double standard on gambling, Long went beyond bingo and took on horse racing. He had come across a statute passed in 1881 that said, "All persons losing money

... on any illegal gambling game shall have a cause of action to recover from the dealer or player winning, or from the proprietor for whose benefit such game was played. . . . Checking further, Long found that the state consti-

tution said, "The legislature shall never authorize any lottery. . . ." Long decided that since other states have held that "lottery" means any form of gambling, horse racing was thus a lottery and therefore illegal gambling of a most spectacular kind. He decided to test his argument in court. He would lose money on a race and then sue to get it back.

"I had to lose \$300," he explains. "I was pretty sure I'd lose my case, but if \$300 were involved the State Supreme Court would hear my appeal."

He went out to the Longacres track near Seattle and said to himself, "I'll get this over with in a hurry. I'll bet on the first race." A newspaper handicapper indicated that a horse named Sun O'Morn, a consistent loser, would be way back there. Long put his \$300 on its nose (which dropped the odds considerably—Longacres is no Santa Anita) and the horse went off at 5 to 1.

And, of course, it won. The \$300 was now \$1,845, and Long went home, better and defeated. A kindly friend said, "Look, there's one racing day left. You can go out tomorrow and still lose that \$300."

But Long, inconsolable, said, "That won't do. To get a court case now I've got to lose the whole \$1,845. With my luck, I'd bet on a long shot and wind up owning the track."

THEY SAID IT

• **Johnny Sanders**, Los Angeles Rams director of player personnel, on why he calls the Kansas City Chiefs a Sears, Roebuck team: "You know, you pick up a catalog and order two tight ends the same size and two steps quicker than John Mackey, add a half-dozen 300-pound defensive tackles, three 9-5 flankers, a picture-passing quarterback and a page full of running backs. That's the way the Chiefs have been put together—to perfection with the best that Lamar Hunt's money can buy."

• **Jim Perry**, Minnesota Twins pitcher, asked if his brother Gaylord of the San Francisco Giants threw a spitter: "I don't know, but he should. He was still sucking his thumb when he was 10 years old."

• **Joe Paterno**, Penn State football coach, asked if the highly rated Nittany Lions would be affected by the preseason press buildup: "I told them publicity is like poison—it won't hurt you if you don't swallow it."

END

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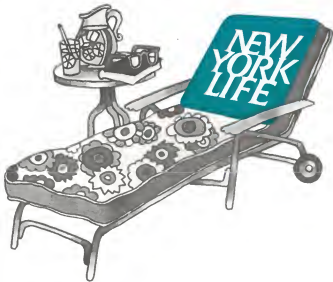
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A RUSH AND A PENNY

The Rams' big pass rush wasn't the only thing that enabled them to beat the Colts and add to the upsets in pro ball last weekend. There was also the little matter of Coach George Allen's lucky penny **by TEX MAULE**

After the Los Angeles Rams had finished their Saturday afternoon workout at Baltimore's Mt. St. Joseph High School, Head Coach George Allen picked up a penny. "I always tell my players they make so much money they wouldn't stoop to pick up a cent," he said. "But this may be a lucky penny. I'll keep it."

The next afternoon, before the 38th straight full house (56,864) in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, the lucky penny worked its magic. The Rams, a team composed in large part of walking wounded, defeated the Baltimore Colts 27-20 in an early-season showdown between the two favorites in the NFL's Coastal Division.

The Rams did it against a hale John Unitas, who went all the way for Baltimore but who produced only fitfully the wizardry he performed for so many years. Allen's penny—combined with a thundering rush from a reconstituted Ram from four—made enough breaks to stop a very good Baltimore club.

It was a vastly satisfying victory for Los Angeles, a team that spent 1968 playing a futile game of catch-up with Baltimore. Last year, when the Colts jumped in front and stayed there, it created a bad case of nerves in Los Angeles. "It was the time difference that made it so bad," Offensive Tackle Charlie Brown said. "The Colts would play in the East and win, and the score would be up by the time we took the field in Los Angeles. It created a lot of pressure and tension and led to little mistakes."

There were tension and pressure and

mistakes aplenty in last Sunday's game, but finally it was Baltimore that snapped. Three very big mistakes did irreparable damage to a Colt offense that stuttered much of the afternoon and only occasionally shone with the luster Unitas usually gives to his team.

The first error came in the third quarter, with the score tied 17-17, after Roman Gabriel, an exceptionally effective passer and play-caller all afternoon, had moved his club 81 yards in seven plays for a touchdown. The key play in the drive had been a lovely, slashing run by Larry Smith, the Rams' No. 1 draft choice from Florida. Smith stands 6' 3" and he weighs 220 pounds, but he is so fast that in a 40-yard race against Olympic 200-meter champion Tommie Smith in the Rams' training camp he lost by only a hair. On this play he slid wide outside the right side of the Colt line, cut on his afterburners and fled 31 yards to Baltimore's 12 before a safety angling across knocked him out of bounds. Then Gabriel, who changed his huddle call 15 times in the course of the game, called an audible that freed Running Back Willie Ellison for a pass. Ellison put a nifty move on linebacker Dennis Gauthair and went in for the touchdown.

The lucky penny worked its magic two plays later, with Unitas throwing from his 26. He called a pass to Willie Richardson, the very fast, very sure-handed Colt wide receiver, and drifted back quickly, the big Ram pass rush coming hard. "I saw Willie plant his foot and start his cut, and he had the cor-

nerback beaten," Unitas said later. "I threw the ball and I didn't even see Eddie Meador. He came out of nowhere." Meador intercepted the ball on the Baltimore 35, returned it to the Colt 11, and four plays later Bruce Gossett kicked a 15-yard field goal to put the Rams ahead to stay.

Meador is the Ram free safety, and on this pass pattern he would normally be occupied covering Running Back Tom Matte, who had lined up in a slot position to occupy Meador's attention. But Matte was knocked down by a linebacker as he crossed the line of scrimmage, freeing Meador to help out on Richardson.

The Colts rallied and stopped the Rams cold early in the fourth period, but the penny got in another lick almost immediately. Pat Studstill, whose deep, towering punts played a major role in the game, kicked one that seemed to hang endlessly. Preston Pearson, on the Colt 16-yard line, unwisely chose to field the ball, although several Rams were hearing down on him. He fumbled and disappeared under half a ton of tacklers. Bob Klein, a large Ram rookie from USC, recovered.

Two plays later, Gabriel completed a 16-yard pass to Wendell Tucker for the touchdown that put Los Angeles ahead 27-17. Gabriel had Tucker isolated on Charlie Stukes, the cornerback who has

continued

Although Johnny U. threw for two scores, hard-charging Rams like Coy Bacon (78) harried him constantly, dropped him three times



replaced retired All-Pro Bobby Boyd this season. In defense of Stukes, he made a noble—and illegal—effort to stop Tucker. The Ram receiver went straight downfield, cut to the inside, and Stukes thumped him solidly as Tucker made the cut. The collision knocked Stukes backward, off-balance and shunted Tucker quickly into the second half of his pattern, in which he broke back toward the sideline. Before Stukes could recover, Gabriel had tossed an easy pass to Tucker, now completely alone and waiting for the ball. An official detected Stukes' infraction and dropped a yellow

flag, but the Rams, of course, declined the penalty.

The Colts' luck turned bad again on Baltimore's next series of downs. Although Unitas had not been as sharp in this game as in some preseason contests, the crowd came alive as he began moving his club. He had more than 12 minutes left, he trailed by only 10 points and Colt fans are thoroughly familiar with his penchant for saving lost causes with fourth-quarter heroics.

To negate the rush of the Ram line, Unitas went to short passes, dinking a lateral to Pearson, who gained five yards

to the Baltimore 10. Then he tossed a strong pass to Matte flaring out of the backfield, and Matte, a sturdy, industrious runner, rattled for 19 yards. Unitas snapped a look-in pass to Ray Perkins, then hit Perkins again on another quick pattern, putting the ball on the Rams' 34, and the crowd was on its feet.

Unitas, deliberate, even phlegmatic despite the uproar, took a long time calling the play. He surveyed the Ram defense briefly and took the snap on a quick count. He glanced to his left and pumped as if he were going to slip another quickie to Perkins, then turned to

After catching a four-yard pass from Roman Gabriel, Tight End Billy Tress (number 88) quickly scores. Rams' first touchdown.



his right and threw the ball in a high, reaching arc toward Willie Richardson. Richardson had beaten Cornerback Clancy Williams and took the perfectly thrown pass over his shoulder as he crossed the goal line. It was a well-executed play, but it was called back for a holding penalty on John Williams, a second-year guard. Although the Colts later picked up a meaningless field goal, that was, essentially, the ball game.

"I wasn't holding," Williams said after the game. He is a big, thickset, very black man with an oddball childlike face. "There had been a lot of controversy

continued



Having easily beaten Charlie Stokes, Wendell Tucker waits for Roman Gabriel's 16-yard pass.



Pulling in the ball, Tucker turns and, outdistancing Stokes, goes in for Rams' last score.



out there on the field. I was blocking on Merlin Olsen, and he was complaining a lot about holding to the official. On the play before, he went out of the game limping, and Coy Bacon came in and he was beating me to the outside and I had my elbow out trying to stop him, but I wasn't holding him. I guess maybe from where the official was standing it looked like holding, but really I wasn't holding him."

The Ram victory, of course, wasn't entirely due to George Allen's lucky penny. It was due in some larger measure to the rush of the Ram line and the heady field generalship of Gabriel, plus crisp blocking by an offensive line helped immeasurably by Bob Brown, the all-NFL tackle acquired from the Eagles in what may have been the best trade since the Giants got Y. A. Tittle from the 49ers for a lineman named Lou Cordileone.

Brown met Bubba Smith, the 295-pound defensive end, head on. In Baltimore's final preseason game against the Dallas Cowboys, Smith had destroyed an All-Pro tackle, Ralph Neely, but he did not destroy Brown. Brown, too, weighs 295, and he must have the quick-est charge of any man his size. Time and again he slammed into Smith and straightened him up, and Smith, who had given the Cowboys' Roger Staubach fits, never laid a hand on Gabriel.

Brown is an emotional man, which somehow doesn't go with his size. He came to the Rams in joy and thanksgiving from Philadelphia, where he had been conspicuously unhappy. "I couldn't believe it at first," he said. "I didn't think it could be so good. This is a fabulous bunch of guys. Anyone can put on a uniform and play, but this is a very emotional team."

Someone asked him the difference between playing for now-discharged Coach Joe Kuharich and playing for Allen. "It's the difference between daylight and dark," a tramer interjected, but Brown shook his head and thought a moment. "No," he said. "It's the difference between Raquel Welch and some girl off the corner."

Miss Welch was not one of Brown's problems in Baltimore. Allen has ferreted out some notably unglamorous

establishments for the Rams to be sequestered in when they are on the road. The Hilltop Motor Inn, where they stayed in Baltimore, is down the street from the national headquarters for Social Security records, and the liveliest entertainment in the neighborhood is at a bowling alley once owned by Untas. As one player said, "We're a \$5 ride from a bright light."

On Saturday afternoon Allen, clad in light-blue cotton pajamas, watched the Texas-California game on television. His lucky penny was in an ashtray near him, but it didn't cheer him up much. A California back fumbled, and he shook his head sadly.

"There's one of the things you can't do," he said, "and win."

He thought for a moment, his thin face somber. Then he said, "We've got too many injuries." Indeed, the Rams did have a rash of not-quite-disabling injuries. Bob Brown's arm was so painful that he had a shot of Novocain before the game, and he had been previously hobbled with sore hamstrings (In talking to Trainer George Menefer a couple of weeks earlier, Brown had said, "I don't care much about exhibitions, but when we play the Colts, if you got enough Novocain, I'll play.") Defensive Tackle Roger Brown had a broken hand; Daron Talbert, who replaced injured Gregg Schumacher at defensive end, played with four cracked ribs; Cornerback Clarence Williams had a pulled thigh muscle and a sore shoulder and Larry Smith had to have Novocain to ease the pain in his ankle.

"It's tough to beat the Colts even when you're healthy," said Allen. "But I guess in the end, when two teams as good as these play, the team that wants to win the most wins."

It may be that the Rams *do* want to win more than the Colts. At least, that was the theory of some of the Ram players. "We didn't have as good an exhibition season as they did," Gabriel said after the game. "Maybe they looked at our record and took us too lightly. I've been thinking of this game since the Super Bowl. I was down there and I saw them lose, and I didn't think they should have."

"I don't think they were emotionally ready to play a club like the Rams," Charlie Cowan said.

Merlin Olsen, the All-Pro defensive tackle, said, "When I find myself think-

ing too much about a game coming up, I force myself to think about something else. I think about sitting on a bank fishing, or watching ducks fly through the sky—anything to get my mind off the game. This morning, before this game, I spent a lot of time finding something else to think about."

The Colts took their loss like old pros. "I don't think I played as well as I should have," Untas said. "They didn't show us anything new on defense. They put Deacon Jones in the middle of the line now and then, but they did that to us last year. Then they did it when they went to a five-man line, but this time they did it sometimes without substituting a lineman for a linebacker. They got a good rush and good pressure and sometimes I was hit as I was throwing, but I've been in this league 14 years and I've seen the rush before. I think I could have done better."

"That's one game," Tom Matte said. "We've got 13 more, and someone will beat them. We're too good a team to let one loss bother us. We have to think of Minnesota next week, not about losing to the Rams."

"We get them again," Billy Ray Smith said. "It may be different then." It may. The Colts are a remarkable team, and Untas doesn't have many off days. But football is a game of luck as well as emotion, and George Allen's lucky penny wasn't the only good omen for the Rams. Consider. When the Rams worked out at Mt. St. Joseph's, it took five police cars to keep out a bunch of youngsters who surrounded the field to shout insults at the club. After practice, as the team bus drove away, one urban rascal raced alongside it, glaring up at the players and howling. "The Colts will win! The Colts will win!" Looking up at the bus, he didn't see a large rock and fell flat on his face.

Consider again. During the off season, Gabriel and Olsen worked in a movie with John Wayne. The name of the movie is *The Undefeated*, and Gabriel plays an Indian named Blue Boy—a most unusual Indian. He gets the girl.

Luck or skill, Bob Brown has faith. "When I get back to Los Angeles, I'm ordering a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud," he said as he headed for the showers. "I'll pay for it with my Super Bowl money."

And offer Raquel Welch a ride in it, no doubt.

END

Under rush by Billy Ray Smith, Roman Gabriel drops back to throw one of his 33 passes. He completed 20 for 368 yards and three scores.

SECOND BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH

Defending the Davis Cup, the U.S. sneered the Rumanians, but the triumph probably rates an asterisk, since the best team in the world—the Australian pros—was ineligible under capricious rules by FRANK DEFORD

THE SDS called it "a ruling class festival," but the sad truth is that if this is the best that the capitalistic pigs—and the Commie red rats, too, for that matter—can manage to amuse themselves with, then the Establishment is certainly on shaky ground. The real tennis ruling class was a hemisphere away last week, at home in Australia, as the U.S. whipped Rumania 3-0 (5-0 if you collect Green Stamps) in the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Cleveland.

Routs in the Challenge Round are not to be sneezed at and, Lord knows, we get them regularly enough, since the archaic rules permit the defending nation to sit on the sidelines all year and expend energy only in doctoring up the home courts. By the time the challengers arrive, weary and spent after a year of tussling with opponents scattered all over the good green earth, what little chance the challengers might have had is pretty well dissipated. By itself, this situation almost managed to destroy all tennis interest in Australia, where a succession of Indus and Mexicos showed up for euthanasia exercises every Christmas.

While it is still boring, discriminatory new rules have succeeded cleverly in making the Challenge Round rather senseless, too. With only petty jealousy and the traditional death wish—as motivation, international amateur mastodons (from the smaller countries, mostly) have opened the Davis Cup up to pros. That is, certain pros. Selected pros, those whom the national organizations can control. Which is to say, as one high amateur official does "Look, there's no mambo jumbo to it. We're keeping the contract pros out. Anybody else can play. It's that simple." The result is that the best team in the world—the Australians Laver, Newcombe, Roche, Rosewall, Emerson, Seolle—is included out, since it is all under contract for good American dollars. The U.S. team could beat Rumania before breakfast every day

playing on Jell-O and not turn a head. Only tennis could take its premier event, the Challenge Round, and transform it into the Runner-up Bowl.

So it is hardly surprising that there was no television of the Cleveland event and precious little other press coverage. True, Clevelanders, who, unlike their brethren in Sydney and Melbourne, are not experienced in these massacres, hardly left a seat empty in the Harold T. Clark Stadium, but then the fantastically diligent Cleveland tennis organization pulled in 15,000 paying customers for the girls' Wightman Cup a few weeks ago, and P. T. Barnum lunged from his grave with admiration at that news. At last Saturday's deciding doubles match, however, even some of the most patriotic Buckeyes had begun to cheer for the Rumanians, chauvinism taking a back seat to the hope of getting one's money's worth.

It was a forlorn hope, though, even on the challengers' side of the net. Ili Nastase, the intractable young Rumanian, was candid enough to say afterward that he and his teammates had never really figured on more than two points: beating Stan Smith twice in the singles. Nastase and his partner, Ion Tiriac, had been a good enough team to get to the finals of the French championships and had been undefeated in their first six Davis Cup matches this year, but Nastase just wrinkled his nose at the suggestion that he and Tiriac thought they had a chance against Smith and Bob Lutz in the doubles. "We had only 10 days to practice on this court," he said. "Sure, we beat the British at Wimbledon on the grass, but it takes too long to learn how to run on this kind of court."

The Clark court had been slow for the Wightman Cup, making for long, exciting rallies, but by the Challenge Round the cement surface had been painted lengthwise and buffed for speed so that in the opening match Arthur

Ashe beat Nastase 6-2, 15-13, 7-5—48 games in which there were only four points during which the ball went over the net five times. It was dull, Ashe won more with cold efficiency than with his usual élan. Nastase kept playing it safe, hitting cross-court, as if he were still home on surfaces that some top international players consider the slowest in the world. "The clay instincts are completely different," Ashe said afterward, with some sympathy and better memories too, perhaps since so many fast American games came a cropper on slow courts in recent years.

Australia was not altogether absent in Cleveland. Denied permission to employ Laver and his cohorts this year, the Aussies, fielding two koala bears and a wallaby, were eliminated from the cup months ago. Somewhere along the line after this, however, Harry Hopman, the irascible, perennial Australian captain, surfaced as coach of the Rumanians. For Hopman, a master technician and strategist, it was the ultimate chance at playing Pygmalion with a team that, before this year, had won a grand total of eight Davis Cup matches in 25 years. He took charge. While Captain Gheorghe Cozbiuc sat by the court, smiling graciously and providing his players with water, Hopman scribbled notes furiously in the stands. Earlier—although he is 62—he had hit vigorously with his charges in practice and ushered them about paternally, instructing them, as he always did the Aussies, in the evils of a free press.

The old master did not have enough to work with, though, and, especially after Nastase beat Smith at Forest Hills, there was no chance that the Americans would take their challengers lightly. Under Captain Donald Dell and Coach Dennis Ralston (ineligible to play as a contract pro) the U.S. team was well briefed, in good shape and a happy ship, rocked only slightly when Dell had to decide who should play the second sin-



Lunging for a short volley, Sten Smith stays ahead in the second set of his key opening-day match with Ion Tiriac, which he won 6-3.

gles with Ashe. Off his play this year and his potential—and despite the love to Nastase—Smith was expected to be the choice. Cliff Richey, however, beat Smith in practice, and Dell had shown a disposition in the past to go with a hot player. But he called the team together Wednesday and said Smith was it. “If I don’t go with the big serve on this surface,” he explained, “we’re giving up a natural advantage.”

Smith, then, felt perhaps as guilty as dismayed when he came into the locker room down 2-1 in sets to Tiriac in the second of the opening day’s matches. What drama could be distilled from the proceedings was here, for if Tiriac won and showed Smith vulnerable the Rumanians still had two more shots at him and a chance for the upset. “I’m letting all you guys down,” Smith said, shaking his head.

“No, Stan,” Dell replied, “if you lose you’re not letting anyone down but yourself.” There was no false barrier. Dell only emphasized that Smith should concentrate more on getting his big first serve in.

On the other side of Roxboro Junior High, in the Rumanian locker room, Tiriac was fuming. An utterly charming man away from the court, he is singularly perverse on it, complaining, glowering, stalking and weaving like a hull at hay.

Now he was unhappy because he could not get any hot water for a shower. Ashe, better versed in the intricacies of American plumbing, had found an obscure valve so that he and his teammates had plenty of water. Tiriac had to go back out cold on a raw, windy day, and he promptly lost serve at 15 in the first game. Warmied up, neither he nor Smith could break the other thereafter, and the set went to the American 6-4 to tie the match at two sets apiece.

Despite their good size, both Tiriac and Nastase have more guile than power. Indeed, their simple inability to put away easy volleys was a significant element in their defeat. But they were tireless dandies, and Tiriac had gone ahead of Smith with a series of beautiful flip-wrist backhands down the line.

Now, as the last set proceeded with

close games, Smith began to pass Tiriac with his own (but harder) backhands down the line. At 4-5, with Tiriac serving under a threatening dusk, Smith’s backhands got him to love-40. Tiriac came back with four straight points, and he would have held serve with the next point, but he hit a typically soft smash. Smith was able to retrieve it and passed him with another backhand in the next exchange. At last, after four deuces, Smith broke serve with his fifth winning backhand of the key game of the whole match. He held serve at love to put the U.S. up 2-0 and effectively conclude matters.

Smith and Lutz ended things for real the next day 8-6, 6-1, 11-9. That they played well together again and, more important, that Smith showed he could come from behind against a wise and trying opponent under pressure, establishes the Americans as more formidable than ever. It is especially unfortunate, then, that all that can be said with assurance is that they are champions of the Davis Cup and the second-best national tennis team in the world. **END**

KNOCKDOWN TIME IN THE WILD, WILD WEST

When the week started, five teams were in contention for the league title, but by Sunday evening the dust and gun smoke were clearing and two teams, the Giants and the Braves, stood tall over the rest **by MARK MULVOY**



Giants hopes were temporarily shaken when Willie Mays hurt his knee, but he rose to star later

Ted Sizemore, the ferocious rookie second baseman of the Los Angeles Dodgers, says the first thing he learned about pennant races was that they never begin until Sept. 15. Last month Sizemore, who stands a sizeless 5'10" at the very most, walked into a restaurant to meet Tom Haller and Ken Boyer, two Dodger teammates, for dinner. Boyer noticed that Sizemore seemed to be eating a cigarette and dancing the Funky Broadway while they waited for the maitre d'hotel to seat them.

"Runt," Boyer said, "just what's bugging you anyway?" Sizemore grimaced. "This pennant race," he answered. "It gets to you." Boyer laughed. "Runt," he said, "don't climb any walls yet. Relax. Wait until the middle of September. Then, if things are still tight, we'll all be there climbing them with you."

Last week Sizemore, Boyer and almost everybody else in the National League West started serious wall climbing as the tightest race in baseball's 100 years headed into the final days of the schedule with five teams viciously chasing one simple title. The fun of it all was that the five teams were playing almost exclusively among themselves. Nobody was off beating up the Phillies or the Expos. This was baseball roulette Western style.

The situation in the wild, wild West flurried with chaos last Wednesday when three different clubs held sole possession of first place on the same day. The San Francisco Giants woke up in first. By late afternoon, having lost to the Houston Astros, they were out and the Los Angeles Dodgers were in, one one-hundredth of a percentage point ahead of San Francisco and the Atlanta Braves. But that night the Braves beat the Dodgers in 12 innings and they were in first place.

That is, they were and, in a sense, they were not. Although the Braves had the West's best winning percentage, they still had lost 67 games—the same number as the Giants, the Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds. They had merely played more games, so the other three teams were, potentially, sharers of the lead.

But that is the way it has been all season long. Five teams—the Braves for 108 days, the Dodgers for 33, the Giants 31, the Reds 25 and even the expansion San Diego Padres for a day—have had or shared the lead, none of them for too long. The lead, in fact,

has changed teams 30 times, 17 times since the All-Star break. Then came mid-September and Ted Sizemore's real pennant race and with it, apparently, the division's second casualty, if San Diego's rapid descent into the cellar can be considered its first. The Astros, who played the West's best baseball from May 1 to Labor Day, lost three straight to the Braves in Atlanta. Then last week they went to San Diego and lost there. They had about had it.

Cincinnati, suddenly, looked like the next dropout, which is one of the more curious developments of last week, since the Reds, only one game behind the Braves, were quite jovial when they arrived at Dodger Stadium for Tuesday's twilight doubleheader against Los Angeles. Second Baseman Tommy Helms was around sticking bubble gum on people's pants, and one player tacked a newspaper story on the wall of the dressing room in Dodger Stadium that said a computer picked the Dodgers to win the pennant. Someone else wrote over the story, "Do not fold, staple or mutilate."

The words were prophetic on this crucial night. But it was the Reds who were folded, stapled and mutilated, and the saddest victim was Gary Nolan, the 21-year-old rightlander who is recovering from arm miseries. Before the game Pete Rose discussed the Reds. "We've got great harmony, just like the Dodgers always have had," he said. "We're all having good years. No one's mad at himself for not hitting or anything. When there's a runner on third base with less than two outs, somehow we always get him in. We can do those little things you must do to win a pennant."

Before the game, too, Dave Bristol, the Reds' manager, called a team meeting in the clubhouse. Bristol conducts more meetings than any other manager in the majors, a good example, his critics say, of overmanaging. "You got to communicate," Bristol says. "Some people don't like it, but I don't care. I got to tell it like it is." Like what is? "I tell them I want them to put more crooked numbers on the board than the other team."

So what happened? In the first game the Reds put one straight number—a 1—on the scoreboard in the top of the eighth inning. They had a chance to put up another straight number in the ninth, but Rose, of all people, grounded to shortstop when he should have been, by his

continued



Maury Wills, chasing grounder, got Dodgers back into race after returning from Montreal

own account, bringing a runner home safely from third. Rose ended up at second on the play and, furious with himself, kicked the base as though it were the culprit.

Still, the game—and, for the Reds, perhaps the season—was not lost until the bottom of the ninth. The Dodgers loaded the bases with one out, and when Nolan went to three balls and one strike on Willie Crawford, Bristol strolled to the mound for some communicating. He decided to remove Nolan and called in Wayne Granger for the seventh straight game. Granger threw ball four to Crawford on his first pitch. However, he got Jim Lefebvre, the next batter, to force pinch runner Von Joshua at the plate. But here the Reds began to join Houston and San Diego as also-rans. Catcher Johnny Bench thought he had a chance to double Lefebvre at first, so he fired down to Chico Ruiz, who had just been inserted for defensive purposes. It was a good throw, but the ball struck Ruiz' glove, caromed off his leg and rolled 20 feet away. Wes Parker scored from third base, and the Dodgers had earned a victory that Gary Nolan found stunning. After the game he sat alone for 20 minutes on the end of the Reds' bench, communicating with his own private hell.

The second game, played to the scoreboard accompaniment of the Giants-Braves doings some 400 miles north in San Francisco (the Giants won 2-0),

was practically a video-taped replay of the first. The Reds led 2-1 in the fifth, and they had the bases loaded with only one out. Walter Alston, the Dodger manager, summoned Pete Mikkelsen from the bullpen to face the third and fourth hitters in the Reds' lineup. Mikkelsen struck out Alex Johnson and Tony Perez, and the Dodgers were alive. They tied the game on Wes Parker's double in the sixth, then won it on Parker's single in the 12th inning.

"If we weren't in the race," Parker said, "I'd be tired now. I am tired, really, but I don't notice it. It's harder to sleep these nights, and I don't eat as well as I usually do. That's what the race does to you."

In the Cincinnati clubhouse the Reds were packing for a bus trip to San Diego. "We got to get off the floor," Bristol said. "We go to San Diego and win two, then we'll be all right. I wish it was game time again right now. Right now."

The next afternoon San Francisco lost to Houston (one is tempted to say "naturally," since that is the way things seemed to be going in the upside-down race), and Atlanta took Los Angeles that night. The latter was a sloppy contest for nine innings, with both teams missing hunt attempts, misplaying fly balls and, well, playing mostly like pretenders—not contenders. They went into extra innings, and in the top of the 12th

Walter Alston brought in a rookie right-handed pitcher named Ray Lamb.

Potter Palmer, one of the Braves' owners, studied Lamb when he was warming up in the bullpen and concluded, after one practice pitch flew out of the bullpen and over the head of the Dodger leftfielder, that he was wild. He suggested that it might be a good idea if Henry Aaron, the next batter, waited him out. Aaron was thinking the same thing before he saw the third fastball in a row whizzing up to the plate. Never again will Ray Lamb throw three straight fastballs to Henry Aaron. The ball disappeared behind the Dodger bullpen, about 425 feet from the plate, and the Braves were back in first. The Dodgers, though, were not dead.

Maury Wills arrived late in the Dodger clubhouse for Thursday's game against the Braves. For Wills, it has been a long season. He started the year with the Montreal Expos and played so poorly that he decided to quit. He had not been a happy man since Walter D'Malley ordered Buzzie Bavasi to trade him someplace, anyplace, before the start of the 1967 season.

Now the Dodgers had had second thoughts. Al Campanis, who succeeded Bavasi as general manager, and Manager Walter Alston studied their team's young lineup and agreed that they could make a serious challenge for the pennant if they had a leader in the infield, somebody remarkably like Maury Wills. Campanis approached D'Malley and asked him for permission to negotiate for Wills. "I thought it would be prudent to ask him," Campanis said, "because of the way things happened before." D'Malley agreed that Wills could help provide a pennant in a year that originally was scheduled for experience.

Campanis went to Montreal to scout Wills. "I didn't look at him at bat," he said. "I didn't look at him in the field. I just wanted to see if Maury could run. If he could run, then he could do everything else." Wills' legs were not the legs that stole 104 bases in 1962 but they were better than most. A few days later Campanis traded Ron Fairly and Paul Popovich to get Wills and Outfielder Manny Mota from the Expos.

"It was great to have him back," said Wes Parker. "Maybe not everybody missed Maury, but I did and Jeff Torborg did and Jimmy Lefebvre did. I don't know if we could have maintained our

continued



A study in dejection, Reds' Gary Nolan sits alone on bench after a disastrous loss to Dodgers.

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sprint and drive if he had not rejoined the team."

Now Wills sat in the Hollywood director's chair outside his locker. "I feel I'm doing a good job," he said. "I'm pleased with what has happened here. These guys here are psyching me. Joe Moeller says I'm bouncing around like a 25-year-old. But I feel like 2,000." Wills planned to sit out the final game against the Braves, but after a long pregame conference with Alston he decided to play. "I don't think I could bear to sit on the bench and watch them play," he said. "I'd be thinking to myself that I could make the difference. Every time I play I should be good for one run somehow."

Wills has played in 97 games for the Dodgers, and he has scored 55 runs and driven in 37—a total of 92. He has hit .337 during the September stretch run, too. More important, he has charged the Dodgers with his reckless spirit and motivated them with his leadership. Says Sizemore, who moved from shortstop to second base when Wills came home, "The man's amazing. He's helping me to smooth my rough edges. Like my footwork. And my pivots. He talks to me about the speed of runners. He told me I don't have to hurry things when a slow man hits the ball. One time before he came I went into the hole for a ball hit by Joe Torre, rushed my throw and threw it away. I did not have to rush it that time."

That night Sizemore beat the Braves when he hit a bases-loaded triple with two out in the bottom of the sixth inning. Wills made two spectacular fielding plays to help save the victory. The Giants also won on Thursday, and they replaced the Braves in first place. Now the Dodgers and Braves were tied for second place, half a game behind, while the Reds, who lost at San Diego and were decidedly not all right, were two games behind in fourth.

On Friday the Dodgers flew to San Francisco in their private propjet—*Kam-O* by name. The Dodgers and the Giants represent opposite extremes of baseball methods. The Dodgers hunt and peck for runs, then rely on their superior pitching and defense to steal games. The Giants prefer to maul their opponents with long balls from Willie McCovey, Willie Mays and Bobby Bonds, then hope their pitching and defense do not collapse totally. The Dodgers, who

would travel to Cincinnati after the Giant series, had to win two games in San Francisco if they were to stay in the race. Among other things the Giants had going for them were six more games with the pallid Padres.

Los Angeles lost Friday night when Mike McCormick stymied the Dodgers on five hits while Bonds, Mays, McCovey and friends played smash ball against Claude Osteen. McCovey hit a 390-foot single into the wind and the fog one time at bat, while Bonds had a home run and a double.

The Braves won at San Diego to keep pace with the Giants, but down in Houston the Reds continued their disastrous slide when a rookie named Ken Lampard, batting for the fourth time this year, hit a two-run pinch-hit home run in the bottom of the ninth to give Houston a 3-2 victory. It was the third time in four days that Cincinnati lost in the last inning. Scratch, for all practical purposes, Cincinnati.

Confronted with a "must" game on Saturday, the Dodgers lost again, this time to Juan Marchal. There is bad blood between Marchal and the Dodgers that goes back years. This July, Marchal did not add to the animosity between the clubs when he skulled the Dodgers' Willie Davis with a fastball. On Saturday, Dodger Relief Pitcher Jim Brewer came close to Marchal with one of his pitches, and the incident provoked Marchal to say, "The Dodgers are dummies if they thought I threw at Davis. And it's not smart of Davis to say I tried to hit him on purpose."

Walter Alston answered Marchal. "I can name you a dozen hitters who bear Marchal's scars. He stuck the ball in Willie Davis' ear, and he did it on purpose. He is pretty insensitive if he thinks he can throw at people and not be thrown at in return."

All of which did not matter. Davis did hit a home run against Marchal, but the Giants won 5-4. The following day Los Angeles came close again, but the result was the same—a sad loss. The Dodgers, who were in first place for about six hours on Wednesday, now were in third place—3½ games behind the Giants. They were almost as far out of it all as the Reds.

Ted Sizemore learned the hard way. Penant races begin on Sept. 15. The Giants and the Braves obviously knew that all along.

END

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GETTING BY NICELY WITHOUT O.J.

When Mr. Simpson shuffled off to Buffalo, USC fans braced for some barren years, but last week sophomore Quarterback Jimmy Jones gave the Trojans a heartening start toward another Rose Bowl by PAT PUTNAM

The quarterback is a sophomore with a sore back. He spent most of last week practicing on the rubbing table. The only pads he wore were heated. The fullback had last carried a ball in 1967, as a freshman at Utah. He sat out last season as a transfer student. And the tailback they brought in to replace O.J. Simpson is slower and smaller and, until last Saturday against Nebraska, hadn't played a smidgin of major college football. Right off you know that USC is in trouble. You don't even have to mention that the No. 2 quarterback has a shoulder separation and the guy behind him has a throbbing elbow and a partially numbed throwing hand.

USC's biggest concern is the sophomore quarterback with the aching back—Jimmy Jones (see cover). Jones, one of the very few black quarterbacks in the history of college football, is the gifted youngster the Trojans are hoping will lead them into their fourth straight Rose Bowl. Two years ago he was one of the most sought-after schoolboy quarterbacks in the country. His junior year he ran and passed for 2,300 yards and 20 touchdowns. That was nothing. His senior year it was 2,400 yards and 40 touchdowns. Offers flooded in, 112 of them. Everybody wanted the good-looking kid with the 30-30 arm and speed and the intelligence that goes with a three-point-plus academic average.

But Jones didn't want them. Not even from the beginning. He told 107 of them "no thank you," visited Ohio State, Penn State, Kansas, Michigan State and USC, and then, quickly, told McKay that he was his. At the same time, Shortstop Jones told a flock of baseball scouts that he didn't believe pro baseball was his lot in life. At least not at the moment.

"Actually, I made up my mind that I wanted to go to USC about halfway through my senior year," said Jones. He smiled, fleetingly—he doesn't often—and added, "I always wanted to go to the Rose Bowl."

And so he came and, like all Trojan freshmen, he sank from public sight.



Early in the week Jones was prone with a bad back, but on Saturday he was able to lead the team

There is no freshman coach. For each game, and there are only three, McKay picks two of his aids to be coaches. Otherwise, the freshmen spend all their time working opponents' plays against the varsity. Jones' freshmen game credentials were good but not startling: 28 of 59 passes for 422 yards and two touchdowns, 27 carries for 120 yards.

"If he went into a game with more than two or three pass patterns he was damn lucky," said McKay. "The freshmen here just don't work together as a unit. That's not their job. Their job is to help the varsity get ready each week."

Then in the spring game Jones surfaced and exciting thrifings began to happen. Playing just a little over 30 minutes, he completed 19 passes for 392 yards and five touchdowns. Like that, the gloom of losing Simpson began to lift. "Oh, no," said USC's rivals. "First O.J., now J.J. Why doesn't McKay take all his J's and . . ."

But now it is three days before the opener at Nebraska, and the latest Super J is pinned to the rubbing table by two pillow-sized heating pads. He has a muscle spasm in the lower back, sore and stiff. He can't even bend over

He's disgusted. And seared. But he's no stranger to pain. As a sophomore in high school, before growing to 6' 1" and 190 pounds, he was playing safety when a rival bowled him over, breaking five vertebrae in his neck. He was in traction a week, a body cast three months and a neck brace another six weeks. Five minutes after they took off the neck brace, he went into training for the next football season. Even the school doctor at Harrisburg, Pa. said no, Jones couldn't play anymore. Too risky. His coach, George Chaump, now a Woody Hayes aide at Ohio State, argued, finally taking Jones to an orthopedic surgeon who said the neck was stronger than ever from the exercise. The school doctor still said no and what does an orthopedic surgeon know about it anyway? Chaump gathered positive evidence from several more doctors, then presented it at a hastily called school board meeting the night before the opening game. Jones played. All last week people keep wandering into the USC room, asking about the back, and usually Jones closes his eyes and pretends to be asleep. He doesn't say much anyway, very quiet, almost shy. Ask 20 people at USC for an anecdote about

continued





Clarence Davis, also playing in his first varsity game, was impressive doing O.J.'s old job.



He is not the pair of fella's for 12 yards 20 yards farther than Simpson did in his first game.



NO O.J. *continued*

him and they'll think and think and come up empty. "He has a fine sense of humor," says Dave Levy, McKay's No. 1 aide. "But he is the most unhumorous person I've ever met. He's just a nice, quiet, serious kid."

"I think," said Craig Ferrig, who went from USC passing star to USC backfield coach five years ago, "that he is waiting until he does something before he talks. He knows he's never played a minute for us, so he's quiet."

Upstairs, McKay, who should be worrying, isn't. At least there's no evidence. "I learned a long time ago that my climbing the walls won't make the pain go away in his back." He neatly slices open an envelope, then laughs. "Look at this, a card to the Playboy Club. Now what am I going to do with that?"

When Jones wakes up Thursday, he can move. There is just a little stiffness on one side. "I think I can run," he says. "Run tomorrow," says McKay. "More heat today." It's back to the table, but the seared feeling is gone.

In Lincoln, Neb. they don't know what to think. They're worried about Jones but don't want to appear too worried. "We're aware of Jones," says Tom Osborne, one of the offensive coaches. He is grinning. "But we didn't want our kids thinking only about him. Suppose he doesn't play, then they'd go out and think they've got it made. But if he plays, our ends think they can contain him."

Bob Devaney, the head coach, comes in. "We realize we got a problem in Jones," he says. "But we also realize he's got some friends who'll give us some problems, too."

It is an hour and a half before game time Saturday. McKay still hasn't made up his mind. He wants to see Jones warm up first. "The kid has a great future," he says. "We're not going to run him for just one game."

Jones throws easily with Sam Dockerson, his split end. Then he runs 50 yards, runs 30 more. He tells McKay that there is just a little stiffness, a little pain, but he can play. "O. K.," says McKay. "But no running. Use Clarence more. Just hand off and pass."

Clarence is Clarence Davis, the tailback: C.D. in for O.J. Like that other fellow, he's out of junior college, East Los Angeles JC. All he did there was break O.J.'s national JC rushing record. He's 5' 11" and started fall practice at 194 pounds, but by the time he reached

continued



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BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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Nebraska he had melted to 186. McKay was worried about his stamina. As it turned out, it was like worrying that the Statue of Liberty might tire of holding the torch. Before it was over, and USC had won 31-21, he had plowed through those big slow Cornhuskers 27 times for 114 yards, and doesn't that remind you of someone? In case it doesn't, try this: in his first game for the Trojans O.J. ran 19 times for 94 yards.

Jones was handing off beautifully but he was under orders not to run. His early passes were powerful, too powerful. And too long. USC was into its third series and he had yet to complete a pass. Then he flicked a little three-yard screen to Charlie Evans, the new fullback, who turned it into an 18-yard gain.

"That broke the ice," said someone. "Yeah," said a scuffer from Nebraska. "That was a helluva pass."

In the huddle Jones was calling a play action pass with Bob Chandler, the marvelous flanker, racing down the sideline. Jones' pass was perfect, 36 yards in the air and Chandler never broke stride as he hauled it in at the nine and scored.

"Now what do you think?" "Aw," said the Nebraskan, "they've been practicing that all fall." That made it 14-0. USC had scored earlier when it had moved 80 yards, all on the ground. Davis had picked up 57 of them on five carries and then retired for a brief rest. His replacement, Mike Berry, ran one yard for the touchdown.

It looked good. Then Jones, scrambling under a heavy rush, slipped and fumbled, and Nebraska recovered on the USC 45. "Sophomores will do that," McKay would say later. "But I'd still rather have the superior sophomore to the just-average senior."

Nebraska's Van Brownson, himself a sophomore quarterback, moved his troops in to score in just five plays. The first was a pass interference play against USC—one of six called against the Trojans—and the last a two-yard keeper by Brownson.

Earlier in the week McKay had said something else. "I won't take Jimmy out of a ball game because he's not doing well. If he's thrown an interception or fumbled, I'm not going to panic and take him out."

He didn't, and was rewarded. On the second series after his fumble, as the first half was nearing the end, Jones had USC on the Nebraska four, third down.

(A 29-yard pass, Jones to End Gary Orcutt, had helped move them there, but a check of the moves might show that Super J was two yards past the line when he released the ball.) McKay sent in a pass play. "Our quarterbacks call most of the plays," he said earlier. "And Jones will call most of his. But"—and he grinned—"we won't rely entirely on his memory in critical situations."

Jones dropped back and found his primary receiver, Dickerson, covered. He looked for his secondary, Chandler—covered. "Then I tried to run," he said later, "but their end slid over and contained me." Back into the middle he scooted. And there was Evans, in the center of the end zone, alone. Zap! Touchdown—21-7.

The Trojans scored again in the third quarter, on another one-yard run by Berry, making it 28-7, and even the Nebraska fans had begun to lose interest when McKay decided his secondary needed some experience with one-on-one pass coverage. And all those interference penalties began popping up.

Nebraska crept to 28-14 on two interference calls, for yards of 31 and five, and a 12-yard run by Jeff Kinney. And then bombed to 28-21 by capturing an onside kick, making a short march and a two-yard run by Jerry Tager, another sophomore quarterback. "Everybody knew that kick was coming but the 11 guys we had on the field," said McKay. "We told them and they watched it. Then they came off and said, 'Yeah, you were right.'" But the rally unraveled when USC moved to the Nebraska 24 and Ron Ayala kicked a field goal.

Later in the dressing room Jones sat in the steamy semidarkness and said he was glad it was over. It was the back again. He could hardly bend. "It felt good early," he said, shaking his head, "but then it tightened up. It bothered me the whole game. Every time I passed, something would catch back there. Now it's really sore."

For a sore-backed quarterback, someone said, you didn't do too badly. Eight out of 15 passes for 153 yards and two touchdowns.

He smiled, the first victory bringing him out a bit from the shell. "Yeah," he said, "but I think I could have been better if I was 100". You know, I think I really am ready to go now."

Yeah, that USC, it's in trouble all right. Almost as bad as last year. **END**

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SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR

Naturalists are hoping that the meeting won't take place in a fancy-priced luggage shop. But it may—illegal killing of these animals in Florida swamps is fast decimating their numbers

by MARTIN KANE

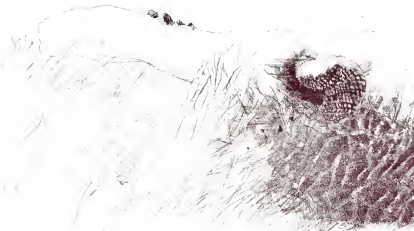
As beasts go, an alligator is not as pleasing to the eye as an oriole, a gazelle or even a crow. Neither is he doc-eyed or, lacking vocal cords, sweet of voice. He is an ugly fellow of no particular charm. Yet people travel to Florida from all over the country to get a look at him and other state assets. And a suitcase made of his hide is both durable and handsome, and can set you back \$1,000 in today's retail market. This combination of prejudices and preferences threatens him with extinction. As he gets rarer the price of his hide is rising like AT&T in the 1928 Wall Street market, poachers are making very tidy sums and conservationists are deeply worried.

There are only two kinds of alligators in the world—our own and the Chinese type, which is quite a bit smaller. There are 22 other crocodilian species scattered about the globe, but for some reason peculiar to the world of fashion it is a rare fop who would wish to own a pair of crocodile shoes, though the hide of the crocodile, once tanned, is scarcely distinguishable from alligator hide.

The differences between alligators and crocodiles are trivial except to zoologists and each other. It is not true, as popular belief has it, that a crocodile opens his mouth by raising his upper jaw while the alligator lowers his lower jaw. They

both lower their lower jaws, just like us. Neither is it true, as the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Shakespeare believed, and as Sir J. Hawkins reported in 1565, that "His nature is ever when hee would haue his prey, to cry and sobbe like a Christian body, to prouoke them to come to him, and then hee snatcheth at them." "Crocodile tears" is a useful expression though founded on myth. But it is true that the female Galapagos turtle, when laying her eggs, does weep—whether bitterly or for joy, no man can tell.

The crocodile is more slender than an alligator and gets about faster. His snout is pointed and narrow, whereas



the alligator's is broad and blunt. When the alligator closes his mouth a big tooth on each side of his lower jaw fits into a slot on the upper jaw. The equivalent teeth of the crocodile remain outside the jaw. And the snout of the South American caiman, introduced into Florida's swamplands by people who decided that the critters were just not nice pets, is broader than a crocodile's, narrower than an alligator's.

In the marketplace, no distinction is made between alligator and crocodile skins, except that the skin of the Singapore crocodile, because the belly hide is so finely grained, is considered to be of the very finest quality and commands the highest price.

Arthur Edelman, owner of Fleming-Joffe Ltd., which deals in reptile skins, holds that, from a business point of view, "crocodiles and alligators are interchangeable—the only difference is in the spelling and the shape of the nose." A biologist would disagree but, in fact, just about any crocodilian leather, whether

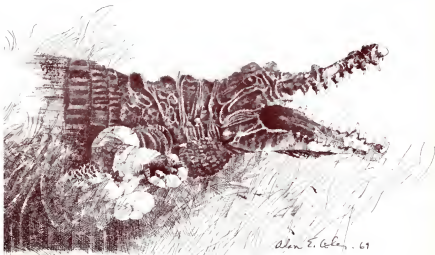
it be from a true alligator or a South American *Jacaretingo* (caiman), is sold in the U. S. as alligator, and in France, which produces the very finest of such leather goods, as *crocodile*. The American bias in favor of the word "alligator" can be explained as based on familiarity with the word itself—early Spanish explorers dubbed him *el lagarto* (the lizard) and Anglo-Saxons soon corrupted it—and on the strange mystique of fashion. At any rate, what American fashion plates want are alligator shoes, not crocodile shoes.

For the alligator, this has become a fatal fascination. It is illegal to kill him throughout his range, except in 40 Texas counties, and there are not very many of the reptiles in these counties anyway. But the poachers do kill him—by the thousands. Lax enforcement—Florida could use twice as many enforcement officers as it now has—and high demand have created a situation ideally suited to the financial welfare of poachers. This wily rascal is harder to catch than an al-

ligator, and penalties are trivial. As matters stand, a gator poacher can get from \$4.75 to \$8 for each foot of hide he collects. A skilled man in a productive area can take a score of alligators, averaging five feet in length, in a single night. If caught, and few are, his fine will be a mere \$75 or so, though Florida law now provides for fines as high as \$1,000 or one year's imprisonment or both. Such sentences are rarely levied. Juries are reluctant to convict and judges are loath to deal out punishment severe enough to be a deterrent.

The personality of the alligator, little understood by laymen, is responsible for this reluctance. He is not only considered to be ugly but dangerous to boot. In fact, alligators are not dangerous to humans if men do not abuse the privilege of observing them and just leave them to their own devices, which are 200 million years old and never have been a threat. Rather, they have been helpful. The alligator is the greatest conservationist known to the Everglades and

continued



other marshy areas of Florida, his hide (given controlled harvesting) could be an important economic resource, and his tail meat is said to be a delicacy. But he is being slaughtered at a rate that threatens his very existence. He has been added to the Department of Interior's "endangered species" list, along with the American peregrine falcon, the red cockaded woodpecker, and the Hawaiian monk seal.

The American alligator is found not only in Florida and Texas but in Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. The Florida population is the highest, estimated at 300,000. That sounds like a lot of alligators but is only one-tenth of what it was a century ago. Encroaching civilization destroyed much of the gator's habitat. As breeding grounds shrank, his numbers diminished. Now the poacher is finishing the job.

In 1967 Peter Baran & Sons of Harrison, N.J. processed 10,000 alligator hides, all quite legally, even though almost all were killed illegally, and though the largest, Baran is but one of half a dozen important buyers. The year was one of drought in Florida and gators were found with ease in their shrunken water holes. They were slaughtered by the thousands, skinned and smuggled across the state border to such buying stations as Baran's in Waycross, Ga., and once across the border, no law enforcement authority could touch the smugglers.

Even now, with plenty of water and despite the poachers, it is possible in selected areas to find alligators with relative ease. One night this spring, escorted by Captain David E. Swindell of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and Culter Giddens, refuge biologist of the Saint Marks Wildlife Refuge, we went into the forest equipped with powerful spotlights. When the beam from such a light strikes an alligator, his eyes glow red. We found them by the dozens. After 36 I stopped counting. But Captain Swindell estimated that the population in the area was down to 60% of what it had been 10 years ago.

Poaching, the captain said, breaks down into a cultural matter. "A man gets started in poaching because his daddy and his granddaddy did it," he explained. "A lot of poachers do it be-

cause they enjoy the element of risk involved, the joy of getting by with something."

In Giddens' opinion, "Most poachers are about as low as you can get."

"Many," he said, "are skilled plumbers, carpenters or welders but they won't work."

They are, in the main, Florida crackers who have neither understanding nor desire to understand the problems their depredations inflict upon the ecology of Florida wildlife, which are profound. Their background is rooted in the culture of the backwoodsman. Nature's bounty is all around them and historically has supported them. To ask a poacher not to kill alligators for their hides is like asking an impoverished Kentucky coal miner not to mine hootleg coal. But in Florida the implications of this pioneer philosophy are that poaching eventually will destroy not only the alligator's way of life but the cracker's. He may even have to go to work as a plumber, once the money lure is gone.

Typically, the poacher will go out on a dark, calm night because wind-suffled water makes the gator less easy to see and a moon makes it easier for lawmen to see the poacher. The gator's habit is to lie quietly in the water and drift with whatever current may be running until something good to eat comes along. He is not aggressive about it, perhaps because he can go for months without food. Only a portion of his snout, his eyes and the merest part of his back are visible. The thing to do is to shine a light on the water until a pair of carnelian dots appear. The poacher draws close, usually poling a small boat, picks up a 22 caliber rimfire rifle, or even a .22 pistol, takes aim at one of the eyes and fires. If he is as good a shot as most poachers are, his bullet will drill through the eye and into the alligator's brain, which is a tiny target about the size of a small apple. That is sufficient to kill the reptile but even so it will thrash around until the notochord in the spinal column is severed, which can be done with an ordinary pocket knife. Then he is skinned on the spot. Only the belly hide is removed, except when a Japanese buyer lets out word that he is interested in full skins. The Japanese make novelties of the otherwise useless back skins.

A five-foot belly hide, after salting, can be rolled up to the size of this mag-

azine. It is thus easily concealed. If the poacher suspects that a law enforcement agent is waiting for him to come out at his usual exit point he hides his skins in the marsh and returns to recover them on another day when the poachers' grapevine (they use two-way radio quite often) reports that the warden has moved on to another area.

Everglades is a town lying on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico. It is charming to wander about in—small houses brilliantly white and softly pastel in the sun, and everything about it tidy. Fishing for tarpon and snook in the nearby Ten Thousand Islands is superb and the Rod and Gun Club, from which most sports fishermen put out, is an excellent place to stay and has a good dining room.

The population of the town of Everglades is anywhere between 500 and 700, depending on which native answers your question. It is a prosperous community, though with no shoreboard industry but fishing. Law enforcement officers believe that 250 male adults of the populace make their living poaching alligators.

In one seven-county area it is believed that there are 2,000 men who at least occasionally poach alligators. Poachers are not generally vicious, and shooting at government agents is rare, but one officer, asking to search a poacher's boat, was coolly invited to do so. His eye fell on a gunny sack. Opening it, he just escaped being bitten by a huge rattlesnake.

The 22 rifle is the most used weapon but some poachers prefer other, more silent, methods. Machetes, harpoons, ball peen hammers and ax handles are employed, too. (In Tanganyika crocodiles are netted.)

To get close enough to a gator to hit him on the head with a hammer is quite easy. When approached, the drifting alligator sinks beneath the water—closing his eyes and valves in his ears as he does so—but he remains in the same spot. He can be raised by very gently lifting him under the chin until he breaks water. Then the poacher promptly hits him on the head, being careful to strike the brain area. This is not so dangerous as it sounds. A man with normally strong hands can hold a big alligator's mouth closed with just his thumb and fingers. The reptile's mouth-opening muscles are amazingly feeble. Not those, however, with which he closes his mouth.

continued

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Giddens, who lives with his family in a part of the forest, estimated that there are between 2,000 and 2,500 alligators in his 25,000-acre refuge. But there are more of them outside such protected areas, which include the Everglades, than in those which get what little specific protection there is.

"There are times when you'd swear there are no gators left," he said. "Then the rain comes and they'll be walking down the street and crawling along the ditches."

"At Homosassa Springs people feed them marshmallows and ice-cream bars. It's the most ridiculous thing you ever saw, to watch a 14-foot alligator fighting for a marshmallow. It has become a nuisance because they have lost their fear of man and even climb into boats looking for food."

Without fear of man, the alligator is truly dangerous, especially to children and dogs. O. Earle Frye Jr., director of the state's Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, told of an instance in 1959 in which an alligator was supposed to have killed an 11-year-old boy, whose body was found in the gator's cave. (They tunnel for as much as 20 feet into the banks of their water holes.)

"However," Frye said, "the hunk was steep and the boy may have fallen into the water and drowned before the gator got to him. There have been reports of gators attacking people, and there is one case where a gator pulled a little girl into a pit. But this was a 'tame' gator and she had been feeding it. She started to scream and he let her loose."

"Our phone rings constantly in such places as Orlando about some little gator swimming in a lake and going to eat up everybody. But I would feel much safer swimming in the most gator-infested section of Florida than walking down a street with dogs yapping at me."

Frye, stressing that it was strictly a guess, estimated that there were somewhere between 25' and 50' fewer alligators in Florida than there were 10 years ago, when killing them became illegal.

"If it had not been for the illegal taking of alligators they would not have reduced in number, they would have come up," he said. "If we can completely protect alligators they would increase because there is plenty of land left for them."

The alligator is, in fact, prolific. After building a nest of mud and vegetation near water, the female will lay from 15 to 100-odd eggs. Both the sun and the decaying leaves and grass generate heat, and in an average of 66 days, depending on weather, the baby alligators, about nine inches long, emerge from their eggs. Their first instinct, even though they are voiceless, is to call for their mother, which they do by inhaling deeply and exhaling—a kind of snoring which in the male adult during mating season becomes a roar.

The mother protects her young for a year or two, while they feed on insects and fish but are constantly threatened by grown alligators, bobcats, raccoons and even large wading birds. In the end only a few survive. The survivors become the prey of poachers, almost free to operate without interference. Frye explained that his commission has only 125 officers in the state—"about half as many as we need."

What infuriates the officers is that when they have an iron-clad case, juries often will refuse to convict. One of the more ludicrous examples is that of a federal officer who saw a poacher enter Everglades National Park and kill 17 alligators. At 3 a.m. the officer turned on his floodlights and the poacher ran into the swamp. The officer waited and eventually the poacher came out, without the hides, and was arrested. In court he testified he had been bird watching and a Miami federal jury acquitted him. Bird watching at 3 a.m.?

Dr. Wayne King, curator of reptiles and amphibians at New York's Bronx Zoo, has been interested in the problem for the past several years, and recently as a gesture of protest shipped the zoo's four adult alligators and three American crocodiles (there are 3,000 of these in southern Florida) to Everglades National Park.

"Some have suggested brief open seasons for hunting alligators," he said, "but poachers have made it clear that they will not honor closed seasons. What is needed is federal legislation to control interstate traffic. State laws need toughening and there should be cooperation between the states."

One who agrees is Florida State Senator Warren S. Henderson. He has introduced bills which would:

1) Memorialize Congress to include

the alligator in federal legislation providing for the protection of rare and endangered species. Further legislation would make out-of-state shipments of illegal alligator hides a federal offense.

2) Legalize payment of substantial rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of poachers.

3) Provide that if a suspected poacher, stopped in a place where alligators might be found, has a light and firearms or other weapons, possession of this equipment is considered *prima facie* evidence of his intent to violate the law.

4) Make imprisonment of poachers mandatory, along with confiscation of their boats, vehicles and weapons.

5) Prohibit the sale or offering for sale of alligator products in the state.

Whether Senator Henderson will get the federal help he hopes for has been made dubious by a letter Senator Ray C. Knapke, chairman of the Florida Senate's Committee on Natural Resources and Conservation, received April 22. It was from J. P. Linduska, associate director of the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and in part it read:

"We believe that prohibiting the sale of alligator skins or products is neither warranted nor wise. Under good management, the alligator can be prolific and become too abundant. Removal by lawful means is necessary in some places even now. There is no good purpose served in denying the rational use of a valuable product of nature."

Linduska did concede that poaching is a "problem" and recommended that "every possible effort should be made to suppress it." But if it were truly suppressed there would be no need for a law prohibiting the sale of alligator skins or products, since virtually every alligator skin sold or processed now is taken illegally. Practical experience has pretty well established that suppression of poaching is all but impossible without federal laws containing teeth. If poaching is thus suppressed and the gators really do become "too abundant" it would be a simple matter to harvest the surplus.

At present there are 16 bills in the U.S. House of Representatives and three in the Senate which deal with endangered species of wildlife and contain provisions to improve protection of the alligator. One House bill, co-sponsored by all mem-

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ALLIGATORS *continued*

bers of the House Subcommittee for Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation, calls for fines of up to \$10,000 or one year in prison or both.

Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel, and his predecessor, Stewart L. Udall, both have asked for stronger legislation to protect endangered species. Returning from a trip to the Everglades not too long ago, Secretary Hickel urged "stiffer penalties for the interstate trafficking in hides from illegally taken alligators."

Conservationists in Washington have high hopes that some kind of bill for protection of endangered species, including alligators, will come out of this Congress. Little opposition has been voiced anywhere.

The last open alligator-hunting season in Florida was 1959-60, when 18,735 alligators more than six feet long were sold to hide dealers. Mere illegality has not significantly reduced that number, if at all, and the black-market price has risen.

There are those who do not like the alligator and would feel no pang if he should vanish utterly, but in fact he is vitally useful, however ugly, to the ecology of such areas as the Everglades. During drought the only water in the swamps may be found in gator holes—pools which he makes himself. As the water level drops, the alligator digs deep, using his powerful tail, his hind feet and his mouth, eventually providing a haven of scarce water for birds, animals and game fish. When the drought ends they scatter over the swamps, their lives saved by the alligator. Some of them, to be sure, will have been eaten by the gator, who feeds on fish, turtles, snakes, wading birds and water plants. And, of course, marshmallows and ice-cream bars. Just about anything, in fact. But he does more good than harm.

There was a time, nearly 200 years ago, when William Bartram, describing a Florida river, could truthfully write: "The alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless."

No one wants to be hip deep in alligators, of course, but it will be a sad day to many people when some shoe or pursemaker stamps "last alligator" on one of his products.

END

Manfred Horstwasser says, "Nails Are For Houses"

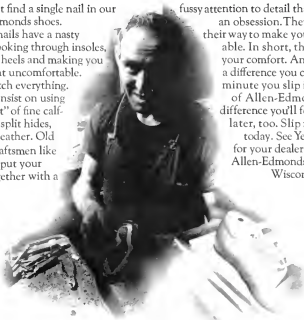
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Many of the women in the winner's circle after important races are there only because they are fans of the sport and their husbands are owners or trainers or jockeys. But a small number have truly earned their entrée. Genuine horsewomen, tradition-conscious proprietors of fine thoroughbred stables and breeding farms, they are dedicated to all phases of racing, from the barns to the sales rings, from the training grounds to the major tracks. Their enthusiasm and devotion to racing, as the best trainers—sometimes ruefully—will attest, far exceed that of their male counterparts. Richard Meek has photographed a few of them and the horse for whom each has a special affection. The following eight pages are a salute to their love of the sport and to the attraction of their presence.

The Grandes Dames of Racing



Mrs. William Haqqin Perry

From her home on the first fairway of El Dorado Country Club in Indian Wells, Mrs. Perry commutes regularly by helicopter to the racing at Santa Anita.

Born to the sport as the daughter of the late Skiddy von Stude, president of Saratoga from 1943 to 1955, she remains an active participant. Her fine race mare Princessnian (left) is now in foal to Bold Ruler.



Mrs. Richard C. duPont

Accompanied by her yellow Labradors Gussie and Debbie, Mrs. duPont rides each morning around 1,500-acre Woodstock Farm on Kelso, one of history's most admired thoroughbreds. She directs breeding operations, flies to the tracks where her horses run and relaxes at Boone's Cabin (below), a retreat on the Bohemia River in Maryland that borders the farm.



Mme. Jean Stern

All in black and alone as usual, Mme. Stern walks to the black Citroën that will take her home after an afternoon at Maisons-Laffitte in Paris, carrying the shooting stick she has used to watch the races from an isolated rail position. Her colors were declared in 1898 by her late husband. At her Normandy farm is the great stallion Sicambre (left), grandsire of Sea-Bird.





Mme. Léon Volterra

An ardent racegoer and traveler, Mme. Volterra entertains in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe that reflects her fastidious taste. She has consistently been one of France's leading owners and breeders since she began directing her late husband's stable in 1949. Her Belle Sicambre (right), daughter of Mme. Stern's Sicambre, won the 1964 Prix de Diane.





Mrs. Cloyce J. Tippett



Dressed as she often is in her racing colors of fuchsia and purple, Liz Tippett stands in the stable area of her newest farm, Llangollen of California, near San Diego. Founded in Virginia, her thoroughbred operations now also include Llangollen of Ocala, Fla. She has high hopes for Racing Room, a 5-year-old son of Restless Wind, shown here at Santa Anita.

Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson

Trustee of several art museums and a distinguished collector, Mrs. Payson visits The Country Gallery in Locust Valley, N.Y., which she sponsors with two friends. Neither art nor enthusiasm for her New York Mets detracts from her interest in Greentree, shared with brother John Hay Whitney. Their Stage Door Johnny, now at stud, won last year's Belmont Stakes.



LADY SASSOON



Traveling constantly to oversee her extensive business and racing affairs, Lady Sassoon is at home in London, Nassau and Dallas (below). She took over Sir Victor's stable and stud, including four Epsom Derby winners, after his death in 1961. Her favorite, Twilight Alley (left), who won the 1963 Ascot Gold Cup in the third start of his career, now stands at Newmarket.





MRS. GENE MARKEY

The evidence of Calumet's unparalleled achievement surrounds Mrs. Markey in Lexington: portraits of her seven Derby winners—Whirlaway, Pensive, Citation, Ponder, Hill Gail, Iron Liege and Tim Tam. Today she supervises Calumet's breeding and the racing of those who compete in the famous devil-red colors. Citation (right), now 25, was retired this year.



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A cloudburst for Kentucky's Ray of sunshine

Coach John Ray, who took over the Wildcats 10 months ago, has spent much of his time since convincing everyone the team would be a winner. Last week Indiana noted an exception by JOHN UNDERWOOD

John Ray is more than just a pretty face. He is, for one thing, a throat. He is especially a throat. His voice sounds as though his vocal cords were several sizes too large and that one more word—even a short one of a syllable or two—might complete the inflammation and forever seal him up. It will may be that those carolers of Southeastern Conference football who wrote in their daily columns a few weeks ago that interloper Ray had insulted their intelligence by predicting immediate success (championships, bowl trips) for his Kentucky team will expect that to happen, now that Kentucky has played its first game under Coach Ray. Nothing calls a man as quickly as a 28-point defeat.

This strangling experience came to Ray in the game with Indiana last weekend at Lexington. The Hoosiers, insatiable as well as very good, ran up the score in the second half on the new Coach. No sentimentalists they Ray himself was the first to admit that in 20 years of coaching football his genius at defense had never been so sorely tried. In fewer words, he never had had a shumping like it: 58-30.

Football theater would have been better served by just the opposite result. John Ray was beloved by all at Notre Dame, where he coached the defense and was Ara Parseghian's right arm. He had turned down nine head-coaching jobs in four years before agreeing to come to Kentucky last December. He had picked through the offers carefully, as one separating an artichoke. In Kentucky he saw something. The response, immediate and pronounced, was mutual. And in 10 short months, he created what one university administrator called a "restored expectation" for Kentucky football, which had been played mostly for laughs since Bear Bryant left in 1954.

Harry Lancaster, the athletic director, introduced Ray around—at banquets, to civic clubs—as "our messiah." The Kentucky players talked in awe of

that first night when Ray stood before them, handsome and hard-eyed, and in that spectacularly hoarse voice said, "I'm John Ray. I came here to win."

Happy Chandler, the former Kentucky governor and ex-commissioner of baseball, sampled the public opinion and said he never saw such enthusiasm in 53 years of following Kentucky football. Adolph Rupp, the autocratic Kentucky basketball coach not famous for his affection for Kentucky football coaches (Rupp always had a thing about staying No. 1), said he was looking forward to the football season for the first time in years.

Rupp, with everyone else in town, took a shine to Ray. He started coming around. He admired Ray's new \$1,400 superhandy movie projector and asked Ray where he stole it. "Want one?" said Ray. "I'll take three," said Rupp, smiling. He told Ray he would not mind at all if a few of the football players wanted to come out for basketball.

The Kentucky band delivered a painted scroll, signed by the full membership, pledging its undying support to the new football team and coaching staff. The cheerleaders said they got the largest crowd in history at the bonfire pep rally. The cheerers said they never heard such noise. The Kentucky ticket manager said he never sold more season tickets. The day of the bonfire a coed applied for the team manager's job. She said she was quite willing to go right into the locker room with the players, so devoted to the cause had she become.

The crush for opening-game press-box tickets all but overwhelmed Russell Rice, the publicist, who could not quit marveling at how nice it was to work with the new coach, how available he was, how helpful.

Meanwhile, a Lexington housewife got through on John Ray's private telephone. "Do you realize what you're doing?" she said accusingly. "It's awful what you're doing. You've got all those

people going out of their minds trying to buy tickets and there's not enough parking around that stadium as it is."

As the enthusiasm grew, the odds favoring Indiana, a hot Rose Bowl candidate, dropped steadily through the week, from 12 points to 10 to seven and then to five. At the giant pep rally on the Kentucky intramural field, Coach Ray, standing in the glow of the bonfire, eyes flashing, predicted a Kentucky victory. The bigger, faster, more experienced and more plentiful Indiana was pictured as shivering in its boots. At Ray's bidding, the crowd yelled, "We're number one! We're number one!"

Finally, the night before the game, sitting with friends in his motel room on the outskirts of town, loose and apparently confident, Ray twirled the dial of the television set and zeroed in on the late show. "No one will ever believe this," he said, as he realized what he had found, "it's too corny." He settled back to watch *Kuote Rocker—All-American*.

It is not likely that John Ray was entirely prepared for what happened the next day, though he was aware of Indiana's immense potential. He is a born optimist, and the fear of calamity is not in him. These were moments in the deluge when his new team actually acquitted itself well—as when it came from behind at 0-24 to close to 17-24 just before the half—and it never stopped trying to work upstream. He liked that. If its fate was inevitable, its spirit was unfaltering.

But it is also likely that those outside Lexington who challenged the credibility of Ray's visions of quick success with what they knew to be a Kentucky team, that had not wakened the echoes for years—the Wildcats have not won an SEC championship since 1950 and have won only three conference games in the last three seasons—those skeptics will not let him forget their admonishments.

They can forgive John Ray his unfailing high spirits and bluff charm. He

was, after all, a stranger who had come from a far-off place, where he had enjoyed a great success. But they could not forgive him his disdain for the traditions of coaching in the SEC—a member of that august body must never, never predict victory. Rather, he must mince his words and be humble and keep a tear handy.

What they have perhaps overlooked is a rather remarkable example of what it takes beyond X's and O's and half-time orations for a smart young man (Ray is 43) to kick a football program out of sick bay and back on its feet. In record time. With maximum efficiency.

He began by asking no special considerations from the Kentucky administration other than his long-term contract (fat enough to make him leave Notre Dame) and the right to make his own television deal. Dean W. L. Matthews, the secretary of the Kentucky Athletic Board, said Ray answered questions as if he had been prepped on what officials wanted to hear: no, he didn't care to have his athletes closeted in one dor-

mitory; yes, he thought there were good football players in Kentucky (which has only 163 high schools with football programs, by far the smallest number in the SEC), but not enough of them to completely ignore the feeding grounds in such preserves as Pennsylvania and Ohio; no, he did not want academic requirements altered to aid recruiting, yes, he knew Kentucky was big for basketball (an old excuse for losing football coaches) but it could be big for football, too.

"He said he could solve our problems without changing our circumstances," said Dean Matthews. "He didn't talk of a three-year plan or a four-year plan. He talked of right now, of today. The reason is obvious enough when you think about it: he didn't want to discourage anybody. Some smart coaches aren't very smart about that sort of thing. They talk about three years from now, and the juniors and seniors are discouraged before they suit up."

Finding his facilities and those of his athletes drab and cluttered, Ray ordered

a grand sweepup. He cataloged films, set records in order. He painted everything in sight: he brightened, he shined, he polished. He hustled for donations. He put down a Wildcat blue-and-white shaggy rug in his office, and carpeting in the locker rooms, and he put up signs (MAKE YOUR OPPONENT FEAR YOU—AND RESPECT YOU. TAKE THE I'M OUT AND ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE). He ordered newer, lighter, more streamlined uniforms. He commissioned a new painting of the official Wildcat mascot because the old one looked "too sweet." He put in stereo tape decks for the coaches and players, a VIP lounge in an unused old corner of the press box. He arranged for cars for each member of his staff, a yellow Camaro with four-on-the-floor for Publicist Rize "so they can see you coming."

He got around. In 10 months he filled 96 speaking engagements—before Elks, alumni groups, Boys' Clubs, anybody who wanted to hear about Kentucky football. Sometimes he spoke three times in a day, grinding on those vocal cords,

continued

AS THE INDIANA GAME GETS OUT OF CONTROL, COACH RAY USES HIS BEST WEAPON—HIS VOICE—TO TALK TACTICS WITH ROGER GANN



boasting his message across. He brought his secretary, Kathy Schuler, from South Bend, to keep the wheels going, and his assistant administrator and onetime high school and college coach, Frank Ham, to plot his social course. Once when he was exhausted from the routine he came home to still another luncheon that Ham had accepted for him, and he balked. "Well, hell, John, you gotta eat somewhere," said Ham. Ray kept the appointment.

He influenced people, big people. "He knows the hornets from the flies," said an admiring Dan Chandler, Happy Chandler's lawyer son. "Almost instinctively he knows the hornets from the flies. It wasn't long before he had the hornets flying around him. Why? You'd have to open up his rib cage to find that out. Some got it, some don't."

It is the mark of John Ray that he makes his strongest contact at those points where the current flows direct—to his players and coaches. Ara Paesegehan always said players "got sentimental" over John Ray. With them his technique is unbridled affection, huge hugs and loud cuffs on the helmet, and massive throaty exhortations, sometimes to praise, sometimes to embarrass, sometimes to threaten.

To his knowledge, Ray says, he has never had a boy who disliked him. He has tried hard to convince a few. He used to tell Alan Page of Notre Dame, "I'm going to make you a good one or a dead one," trying to shake the lazies out of him. Page said he was convinced he would be dead first, but he lived, and is gratefully residing today with the Minnesota Vikings.

Kentucky has had a history of discontented football players, players who ran from or were run off by the regimen. It's not necessarily a reflection on coaches; it is a matter of style. The style of some coaches is to decimate, to pare down, to strive for an elite group. Ray's style is to consolidate.

He has had a few players quit him but none at Kentucky. He has, in fact, regained a couple—one a starting halfback—who had quit his predecessor, Charlie Bradshaw, last year. His discipline for those who defy his rules has been swift enough to cause others to pause. Dick Palmer, the team's most valuable player last year, was suspended

for three games for his involvement in a fight at an off-limits nightspot. Classified, he hangs around the practice field waiting for the suspension to be lifted and praising Ray for the firmness and fairness of his action.

Phil Thompson, a senior end, gives the change in style an almost mystical quality.

"It seemed to rain an awful lot my first three years here," he says. "It seemed colder than it was. I remember how I hated spring practice. Now everything has changed. I wish I had it all to go through again."

It will happen that there will be breakdowns in communication before the season, John Ray's first at Kentucky, is

over. There were more than a few in that first game with Indiana, and some auxiliary sloppiness along the way, but at least communication is established and a bond developing. Heroic stories are told around Lexington these days of the day John Ray came to work with a 104° temperature and stayed to the end. And how Assistant Coach Jim Poynter became so exercised in practice he dove for a loose ball and was almost buried by the defense.

And when they talk of that 58-30 game that opened the season, they may well remember it was also the day a Kentucky team lost by 28 points and did not draw a boo. That alone was enough to keep John Ray talking.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED JR.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (1-0)
2. SYRACUSE (1-0)
3. ARMY (1-0)

In the fashion of the season, the Navy's new gold helmets each had a big blue "100" painted on the sides. Thus, of course, was in honor of college football's centennial, but as the game wore on in the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, it looked as if 100 might be the number of points that Penn State would score against the poor Midshipmen. As it was, the final score—Penn State 45, Navy 22—was largely thanks to the mercy of State Coach Joe Paterno, who played his second-stringers through much of the second half.

Of course, Navy's new head coach, Rick Forzano, shouldn't feel too bad. Penn State is going to wallop a lot of teams this season. The Notary Lions now have gone 20 straight games without a loss and, with studs like Charlie Pittman, Mike Red and Steve Smead around, they just might extend that by another 10 games or so. Red, an accomplished concert pianist, turned in a virtuoso performance in the defensive line, as did Smead, who demolished Navy's backs all afternoon. And then Pittman put his moves on the Middles' defenders for two touchdowns and a career high of 176 yards rushing in his first heavy going since the Orange Bowl (ankle and knee injuries kept him out of heavy contact both last spring and this fall). Pittman's day was topped off nicely

when his hero, Lenny Moore, the old Penn State and Baltimore Colt star, dropped by the dressing room to shake hands. "You're bigger than me," Moore told Pittman, "but there's no sense in comparing things. You do your thing, I did mine."

After Syracuse slipped past surprising Iowa State 14-13, the university's new chancellor, Dr. John Corbally, visited the dressing room and said, "I appreciated the way you played today. . . I know that you really didn't want to close them out too early." Well, Dr. Corbally might have thought that the Orangemen were toying with their visitors just for drama's sake, but Coach Ben Schwartzwalder knew better. "We just couldn't coordinate our defense," he said, thankful that Syracuse was able to come from behind with an 80-yard drive in the final quarter. Sophomore Greg Allen set up the winning touchdown on a 12-yard sweep, then sophomore Marty Jankiewicz scored on another sweep.

New Mexico's Lobos came East seeking to end their 19-game losing streak, but they poked on the wrong team. Army moved on the ground—where else?—well enough (241 yards) for a 31-14 victory. Meanwhile, down the Hudson in New York's Yankee Stadium, 64,232 showed up for the second annual charity game between Grambling and Morgan State, and Grambling Wingback Frank Lewis put on a spectacular for the folks. Showing more soul than anybody but the Grambling marching band, Lewis scored on tape-measure dashes of 83 and 87 yards as Grambling won 30-12. Meanwhile, the Tigers' defensive line, which averages a dainty

continued



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SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (1-0)
3. TEXAS TECH (1-0)

By Texas standards it was not really that hot—86° and 74° humidity—but Purdue nevertheless roared into the TCU's Amon Carter Stadium armed to the teeth with all sorts of cool stuff—fishnet jerseys, oxygen and lots of ice. This was all very impressive, but Coach Jack Mollenkopf's best air conditioner was senior Quarterback Mike Phipps, who paced for four touchdowns as Purdue chuffed the Horned Frogs 42-35. TCU's first home opening loss since 1951.

Not only did Phipps team with Stan Brown for a 67-yard scoring pass in the third quarter (which went 50 yards in the air), his longest completion did not even lead to a touchdown. It was an 80-yarder to John Bullock, from the Newport News, Va. high school that produced Leroy Keyes, and it was the longest pass play in the history of the stadium. But Bullock was stopped on the TCU five and Purdue failed this time to punch it across—just one of the quantic turns in a game where Purdue led 35-7 in the third quarter, only to have TCU come back behind its own limber-armed quarterback, sophomore Steve Judy, in the last period. The Frogs pulled within seven points late in the game when senior Linzy Cole returned a Purdue kick 70 yards for a touchdown, but then the Boilermakers killed the clock. "When," said Coach Fred Taylor of TCU, "have you ever seen a wilder game?"

No, coach—not unless it was the one going on down the road in Lubbock, where Texas Tech achieved one of the season's early upsets by knocking off Kansas 38-22. After the visiting Jayhawks took a 16-0 lead, Tech chipped away at it, going ahead 17-16 in the third quarter. Kansas scored again for a 22-17 lead with time running out, but the Red Raiders blew the game open in the last four minutes. The heroes were Quarterback Joe Mandich and End David May, who combined for a 67-yard pass play, and Cornerback Denton Fox, who intercepted two passes—one for a 55-yard touchdown and the other to set up Tech's final TD with three seconds left. "We weren't in real great shape," said Texas Tech Coach J. T. King, who then added in his best coachy fashion, "But we had the character to come back and win." Kansas' normally effervescent Pepper Rodgers, who had watched Tech score the most points ever against one of his teams, growled: "I've been telling you

all along that we're not a great team because we're too inexperienced."

In Little Rock, the Arkansas fans were yelling "Soosy pig," as in their worst, and the Razorbacks proceeded to soosy, or whatever it is that nice pigs do, all over Oklahoma State, to the tune of 39-0. Junior Quarterback Bill Montgomery ran for three touchdowns.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (1-0)
2. ALABAMA (1-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI (1-0)

Some people had picked Houston as college football's No. 1 team, but apparently Coach Ray Graves of Florida's Gators hadn't heard about it. So sophomore Quarterback John Reeves turned his first varsity pass into a 70-yard touchdown and the young Gators went on to rout the Cougars 59-34 in a bizarre game that was more or less typical of the way college football has come out swinging this year. "We had that game you dream of as a coach," said Graves. "Everything went like you draw it up. The execution was perfect, and the determination was as fine as I've seen by a Florida team. It was a case of everything we did being right and everything Houston did being wrong—and when this happens, a good football team can be beaten badly."

Reeves threw five touchdown passes and broke three school passing records: a performance that had Gator fans comparing him with Steve Spurrier. None of this could have been accomplished, however, without the grit of Florida's offensive line, which blocked so ferociously that the seat of Reeves' pants was almost as clean after the game as before. The most frustrated player on the field was Houston Quarterback Ken Bailey, only next best with five touchdown passes and 246 yards in aerial yardage.

Georgia manhandled Tulane 35-0, but Coach Vince Dooley was not gloating. "Quite honestly," Dooley said afterward, "we might have been better off playing a stronger opponent." Indeed, Georgia had things so much its own way that Halfback Dennis Hughes said enthusiastically, "Man, every time I looked up today, I saw a hole to run through." Hughes carried six times for 23 yards and caught four passes for 90, but even he didn't scare Tulane nearly as much as Defensive Guard Steve Greer. "That Greer is unreal," said Tulane Quarterback Rusty Lachausse. "I'd turn around and he'd be hanging on my heels."

Rear Bryant coached his very first college game at Blacksburg, Va. in 1945 and his Maryland team lost to Virginia Tech 21-

13. The Bear finally got around to returning to Blacksburg and this time the results were more gratifying. Alabama 17, Virginia Tech 13, before the largest crowd (42,000) in the state's history. "Things have changed a lot," said Bryant as he looked around the Tech campus, where he had brought his team a day early, on Thursday, because "I wanted the boys to feel the atmosphere of how much these people wanted to win." Bama's big break came when Tim Bristack, flustered after making a hurried change from place-kicking to punting shoes, dropped a perfect snap and Alabama recovered at the Tech 49. Two plays later the Tide's George Kanger scored to make it 17-10.

Red-headed Archie Manning led Ole Miss to a 28-3 victory over Memphis State. Manning ran for two touchdowns and completed 11 of 18 passes. "We're much farther along this year than we were at this time last year," observed Archie. Memphis State Coach Billy Murphy, whose team ran up 410 yards against Ole Miss, said, "They've got more depth than they've ever had."

Before the customary 48,000 howling fans in Tiger Stadium, LSU hashed Texas A&M 35-6 and Coach Charlie McClendon observed: "We played 39 boys and they really had fun." It's nice to see them have fun, too. "If fun means slamming Texas A&M players to the ground with great gusto, then that's what LSU had, all right. Led by linebackers George Bevan and Mike Anderson, the Tiger defense held the Aggies to minus 12 yards rushing for three quarters. From then on it didn't matter.

After suffering scholastic probation, disciplinary probation and tons of publicity, sophomore Charles Dudish finally made his debut at Georgia Tech and suddenly the Yellow Jackets had their old sting back, upsetting SMU 24-21 in Atlanta. With only 2:40 left in the game, Dudish scored the winning touchdown on what may prove to have been the most improbable play of the young season. On fourth down at the SMU one-yard line, he took the snap, started over guard, fumbled, picked it up and leaped over everybody to score. "We had him stopped cold," said SMU's Tommy Fraser, "but he picked it up and dove over the crowd like a kangaroo." The TD was set up when 5' 8" Safety Mike Wyson intercepted a Chuck Hixon pass at midfield.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (0-0)
2. MISSOURI (1-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (1-0)

One night last spring, long after Steve and Barbara Owens had gone to sleep, the tele-

continued

phone rang in their apartment near the University of Oklahoma campus.

"Hi-hello," said Barbara, still not fully conscious. "Who? Uh, just a minute . . . Steve . . . Steve, honey . . . It's O.J. O.J. Simpson."

"Uh, Barb," said Owens, "hang up that thing and go back to sleep. I don't know O.J. Simpson and he doesn't know me—it's probably one of the guys, trying to pull something."

But Steve Owens took the receiver and in an instant he was awake. The voice crackling over the phone was unmistakable. Owens had heard it over radio and TV dozens of times. It was O.J. Simpson and he was in New York, where he and Leroy Keyes and Jerry Levas and Ron Sellers and the rest of the Coaches All-America team were having a party. Simpson wanted to tell Owens that he had seen him score those five touchdowns against Nebraska on TV, that Owens is one great player and that everyone at the party wished he were there, too, because he deserved to be. "But don't worry," said O.J. "Next year you're a senior and you'll be up here for it all."

Well, Owens is a senior now and he got his year off to an appropriate start against Wisconsin in Madison. He earned the ball 40 times for 189 yards and four touchdowns in Oklahoma's 48-21 victory the 10th straight time he had gained more than 100 yards in a regular-season game, breaking Olle Matson's record set back in 1951.

Owens is a good bet to get 856 more yards this season to top the all-time national rushing record set only last year by Mercury Morris of West Texas State. . . . and perhaps he will succeed his midright caller as the winner of the Heisman Trophy. "We really want to help Steve win it," said sophomore Quarterback Jack Milder, who just might be thinking along those lines himself in two years, if his impressive debut (three touchdowns running and passing) was an indication. As for Wisconsin, sophomore Fullback Alan Thompson came away looking like the next Alan Ameche (220 yards gained) and, as one fan put it, "Heaven knows it's about time we found one."

Harry Brown, who was not even listed in Missouri's press book, kicked four field goals—the last from 30 yards with 11 seconds remaining—to lift the Tigers to a 19-17 victory over the Air Force. Brown was not put on the team until he had made up some credits in summer school, and even after Coach Dan Devine added him to the squad he became so discouraged with his kicking that he was thinking of quitting as late as Missouri's last scrimmage. Brown's winning field goal was set up by a long pass after Air Force went into what Coach Ben Martin calls his "victory" defense. "But

we got confused," said Martin, "and we ended up with half our backs playing a victory and half not." And so Air Force ended with no victory at all.

"Northwestern needs a win badly," said Notre Dame Coach Ara Paraghi, who had coached the Wildcats before he came to South Bend, "but not against me." So Notre Dame, after falling behind 10-0, pulled itself together and used a bunch of walk-ons and former scrubs in the Hanraity-Seymour Era to win 35-10. Bill Barz and Ed Zagler gained 176 yards rushing and South Bend's own Brian Lewallen, who wrote to Paraghi asking for a tryout, broke the game open with a 44-yard punt return in the last quarter. After its early glory, Northwestern's offense was kept in check by Notre Dame Tackle Mike McCoy, who spread his 270 pounds all over Northwestern Quarterback Dave Shelbourne.

Stung by last week's 37-0 loss to UCLA, Oregon State Coach Doc Andros trotted out a new starting quarterback, sophomore Steve Endicott, and he proceeded to pass the Beavers to a surprisingly easy 42-14 win over Iowa. Oregon State attempted more passes (34) than any Andros team ever, and Endicott's 16 completions tied Terry Baker's school record. The turning point of the game may have come at the start when Andros took his soccerstyle kicker, Jeff Kolberg, to the side and told him to "kick it loud." He did. The ball

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Florida's sophomore Quarterback John Reeves equaled a Southeastern Conference record with five touchdown passes as the Gators upset highly rated Houston 59-34. Reeves hit 18 of 30 passes for 342 yards.

THE LINEBACKER: Notre Dame's Mike McCoy, as agile as he is big, helped the Irish beat Northwestern apart 33-10. McCoy fitted all over the hind making eight unassisted tackles, intercepting one pass and knocking down three more.

spiraled weirdly to the Iowa 39 where Oregon State recovered it and went on to score Iowa never got even.

WEST

1. USC (1-0)
2. STANFORD (1-0)
3. ARIZONA STATE (1-0)

While USC was beating Nebraska in the Midwest (page 32), Texas was on the Coast. Fans who think the Longhorns will supplant Ohio State as the nation's No. 1 team were

given cause for concern by their 17-0 victory over California at Berkeley. Oh, Texas had the runners (322 yards) and the defense, all right, but where, oh, where did the passing attack go? The Longhorns' air game was so mediocre that Coach Darrell Royal was frowning even in victory. "Our passing certainly needs more work," Royal said. "I really thought we'd throw better—and when we did throw well, we dropped it."

Even more unsettling to Royal was the kicking game. "Our snaps were bad," he said. "We had a field goal blocked and our punts were not high enough. We almost had a punt returned on us, and if we kick that poorly this season, we will get some returned on us." California Coach Ray Wilsey, who once was an assistant to Royal at Texas, did not have much sympathy for his old boss. "We were blocked and we stayed blocked," he said, "and you have to give most of the credit to the Texas defense. They played their type of game, tough and physical." Cal played without its good defensive end, Irby Augustine, who suffered a knee injury in practice two weeks ago.

Arizona State Coach Frank Kush exercised a coach's prerogative and spent the week mourning about Minnesota's strength. "They'll just march the ball up and down the field on us," he said. "I can almost guarantee they'll score at least three touchdowns." Well, Minnesota scored four touchdowns to be exact, but Kush couldn't complain too much because his San Devils put up seven TDs of their own for a 48-26 victory. Minnesota keyed on Sun Devil Fullback Art Malone, so Joe Spagnola completed 16 of 29 passes for 369 yards and three touchdowns. "I don't know if we've ever played a team that fast before," mused Minnesota's Murray Warmath.

The small-college ranks probably looked pretty good to San Jose State after it was swamped by Stanford, 63-21, in its major-college debut. Stanford's Quarterback Jim Plankert completed eight of his first nine passes for an early 28-7 lead before Coach John Ralston began calling up the reserves. "We were sloppy," said Ralston.

UCLA followed its opening victory over Oregon State by thumping Pittsburgh 42-8 in Los Angeles. JC transfer Dennis Duntmire's second game at quarterback for the Bruins was glittering—11 completions in 16 attempts for 258 yards and three touchdowns—but it was a tiny sophomore, Ron Carver (5'9", 160 pounds), who delighted the home fans. Besides returning the opening kickoff for a 70-yard touchdown, Carver carried a punt 43 yards and made a jumping tackle that resulted in a fumble. "This is the best balanced and most explosive UCLA team I've seen in the last 10 years," said Pitt's new coach, Carl DePasqua. **END**



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AT AUSTIN MG DEALERS

PEOPLE

◆ **Seiji Ozawa** is a guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic and a second baseman for the Penguins, the orchestra's softball team. Earlier this month, while the Philharmonic was performing at Iowa State, the Penguins took on a fraternity team. The Penguins won the game 9-8 but almost lost a conductor. Ozawa was knocked down by a determined base runner and suffered a fractured coccyx. It's nice that conducting is something you do standing up.

Sarah and Theo Roubanis (she is the Duke of Marlborough's daughter, he is the Greek actor-composer-producer) took a little cruise on their new 60-foot motor yacht, *Imperiale*, not long ago, and according to the best reports, it was, so to speak, uphill all the way. Their first captain dropped an anchor on his foot and went to a hospital in the South of France. The yacht slipped so much water in a force-eight gale on the crossing

to Corsica that she had to stay in port a week until the weather cleared. She ran out of fuel off the Italian island of Ponza. There was no room for her in the harbor at Capri. The second captain drank diesel oil, possibly by mistake, and went to a hospital in Naples. Near Crotona, in Italy, they unwittingly anchored in a bay frequented by smugglers running cigarettes from Malta and were boarded by the Italian coast guard. They got to the Corinth Canal and found it closed for cleaning. They ran out of fuel again off Piraeus. Said Lady Sarah (family motto: Faithful, though Unfortunate), "I think even Ulysses might have given up."

TCU Tackle Gerald Kirby worked for Douglas Aircraft last summer, in the finance section, and had been on the job for a week when he was put in charge of what he identifies as "cash flow." Then the woman who put him there went on va-



canon, and Kirby was off. Way off. When he balanced the books he found himself short \$12 million. "I sorta panicked," he recalls. He rechecked the books and came up short only \$1 million, but that was the best he could do, so the company brought in experts, who balanced the books. "I think I had left out some aircraft engines," Kirby speculates.

Norman Mailer was boating recently off Provincetown, Mass. when a whale surfaced nearby—a potentially dangerous state of affairs, but as Mailer observed, "What a wonderful way for a novelist to get!" It would be, but he didn't, and an effort to learn more about Mailer at his unpublished role as a yachtsman elicited the mysterious information from his secretary that "Mr Mailer would rather keep his boating habits to himself." What a wonderful way for a novelist to stay!

◆ "My little play toy," says A. J. Foyt of the 385-pound lion he was seen with at the De Quon, Ill. fairgrounds. "I was

just playing with him." And vice versa. The lion belongs to a friend of A.J.'s and has been trained, says Foyt, "to wrestle people. He runs after them and tackles them. I didn't think he could do it to me, but he did—he knocked me down." Not that A.J. minded. "I like anything that's mean," he says approvingly. "I like them just like my women." The only thing he didn't like was the report that the lion had bitten him in the rear end. "He did not," Foyt says with dignity. "He only pinched me a little in the back."

Senator Eugene McCarthy got a look at South American soccer when he was in Brazil recently but was a trifle distracted when he was hit on the head by a number of paper cups—part of a general barrage loosed by fans seated above him. Senator McCarthy was more distracted when rolled-up balls of paper succeeded the cups. "They can acquire a lot of velocity," he observed. "But," he added, "it was the shower of chicken bones that puzzled me more than anything else." No offense, Senator. Brazilians eat fried chicken at soccer matches and impersonally, apologetically fling the bones around.

Andy Warhol's film *Blur* was found "obscene" and "without redeeming social value" by a New York court last week. No wonder. At one point in the trial Defense Counsel Joel Weinberg called a witness who testified that "the picture had a particular social value in that it showed the attitude of the cool world toward sex." Said Judge William Ringel, "What is 'the cool world'?" Weinberg thought for a moment and explained, "It's like when Swoboda hit two home runs last night." Said Judge Ringel, "Who is Swoboda?"



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But it was one sweet smack for U.S. pros, as the British all but stole away with the Ryder Cup



A STERN NICKLAUS SOUGHT ADVICE, AS THE PRESSURE MOUNTED

The biennial Ryder Cup matches have long been one of those neglected waifs of international sport, more of a diplomatic hands-across-the-sea ritual that the golfing Establishment loves to croon over than a hot-blooded athletic event. A team of rich pros off the high-powered U.S. golf tour takes on a bunch of poor boys from Great Britain and Ireland at their own crazy match-play game—two-ball, four-ball, better-ball fourstones, a niblick into the corner bunker sort of thing—knocks them flat, pucks them up, brushes off the dust and then invites them all to try again in another two years. Goodwill stuff. Mutual understanding.

But last week at the Royal Breckdale course in the English seaside resort of Southport the familiar pattern got itself badly garbled. At the climax of three days of sunshine, wind, rain and stormy golf by the British, there stood Jack Nicklaus, America's superpro, his face drawn by the strain of a furious match with British Open Champion Tony Jacklin, his sun-bleached hair blown askew across a furrowed forehead, hunching over a putt of five feet on the final hole of the very final match that would determine the result of three days of eyeball-to-eyeball golf.

"I was terrified," said Nicklaus. "I wasn't just putting for me, I was putting for my country."

Terrified or not, Nicklaus got the putt into the hole to halve his match with Jacklin and create the first tie in 42 years of Ryder Cup history, 16 points to 16 points. The standoff permitted the 12-man U.S. team to retain the two-foot cup it has won 14 times in 18 attempts since

1927, but the boys went back to their lucrative tour needing a hit of dusting off themselves this time, and the quality of golf in Britain had taken on new luster.

The Redcoats did not exactly ambush the Americans. For a year there have been rumblings that the British were at last developing pros of international stature—a view that took on real substance when the 25-year-old Jacklin, a high-spirited, vigorous competitor who has become a successful regular on the U.S. tour, won the British Open. Youth was served, in addition, by the presence of Peter Townsend, an ebullient, long hitter of 22, who is also on the U.S. tour, and Bernard Gallacher, a Scot who at 20 is the youngest golfer ever to play in the Ryder Cup and—perhaps because of his age and inexperience—the cockiest. "He's some kind of arrogant," muttered a U.S. pro after talking to Gallacher for the first time. "I'm not awed by the Americans," said Gallacher, who has won two tournaments in Britain this year and been runner-up in four. "I think maybe they should be awed by me."

Faced with this kind of competitive steam, the U.S. players felt they were going to have to work to win. "The British are so keyed up they'll be hitting the ball nine million miles," said Frank Beard, whose steady nerve and compact golf swing has earned \$160,000 this year, tops on the U.S. tour. "And we don't dare go back home if we lose."

A final hazard in the path of a routine U.S. victory was the fact that the Professional Golfers' Association of America had named Sam Snead as the team's nonplaying captain. There is no doubt that Snead has had a long and hon-

orable competitive career. He is, at 57, still a wonder of a golfer. But he also can be a crude, sullen, cantankerous old buzzard, and he is about as capable of leadership as Ebenezer Scrooge. Snead's relationship with the majority of U.S. tournament players has long been one of mutual animosity. He was the only player of any reputation to side with the PGA in its administrative squabble with the touring pros.

The 12 players who went to Southport last week had won 20 tournaments between them this year and a massive \$1,290,000 in prize money. They did not need coddling. But 10 of them had never appeared in a Ryder Cup, and for the most part they were unfamiliar with

continued

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GOLF COURSE

its strange forms of match play. Besides, someone had to pick the most effective eight starters twice each day, and a few of Sam's lineups must have brought joy to British Captain Eric Brown.

On the first morning Gene Littler, having a lull year on the tour and, with Casper, the only Ryder Cup veteran, was a notable nonstarter. So was Jack Nicklaus, who had played for years in international matches of various sorts. Nicklaus had looked impressively solid in practice rounds and was shocked at being benched. Somebody kidded him about being through at the age of 29. "Yeah, I'm through," Jack said, "if being 12 under par for my last 27 holes in practice means being through."

The first day went to the British 4½-3½, and after the morning of the second day the U.S. team had fallen behind six matches to four, with two matches halved, and obviously needed all the help it could get. The team of Nicklaus and Dan Sikes had barely lost a birdie-filled match to Jacklin and Neil Coles that went to the last hole and had shot a fine best-ball score of 66, eight under par. But they were dropped by Snead from the afternoon lineup. "I've everyone's trying damned hard," said a member of the U.S. delegation, "but you could say that team morale is just about zero."

It was a bad time for zero morale. Fortunately, the U.S. had two players, Lee Trevino and Dave Hill, who couldn't care if they were being led by Sam Snead or Shirley Temple. They infected their teammates with new verve just by the way they hurled themselves into each shot. Also doing his part was the quiet Littler, who said almost nothing and was allowed to compete in only three of a possible six matches. Trevino was on the winning end of the handshake each time, and in the end the three of them—Littler, Hill and Trevino—produced eight of America's 13 victories.

After the second day of play the score was tied 8-8, with 16 singles matches to go. The morning rounds on the final day gave the British a 13-11 lead and high hopes, for among other things Jacklin had crushed Nicklaus 4 and 3. But by late in the afternoon the U.S. had fought back again to a 15-15 tie, with only two matches still in contention.

Now a strong west wind, carrying a light rain, began blowing in off the sea—the first bad weather of the matches and under these treacherous conditions

America's golfing reputation rode on the slightly frayed skulls of Billy Casper, all even after 16 holes in a match with Brian Huggert, and on Nicklaus, all even after 15 holes in another confrontation with Jacklin.

The final holes won't soon be forgotten by either the oh-so-anxious British or the we'll-never-be-able-to-go-home-again Americans. On the 510-yard 17th, both Huggert and Casper hit their second shots over the green. Casper chipped stuff for a birdie, but Huggert had to hole a five-footer to stay even. He crouched over the ball for an eternity and then punched it into the cup. The two moved on to 18, where Casper got his par but Huggert left himself a four-footer to tie the match. Again he stood transfixed over the ball, when suddenly there was a resounding roar from the 17th green. "My God," Huggert thought, "Tony has beaten Nicklaus. If I sink this putt we win the Ryder Cup." Slowly, carefully, he made his putt. Brian Huggert is a 32-year-old married, weathered Welshman. He has been a golf professional for 16 years. He walked over to Eric Brown, leaned against his shoulder and began to cry.

But Huggert had misread the shout from the 17th green. Instead of being even, Jacklin had lost 16 to go one down. On 17 Nicklaus hit two excellent shots, leaving himself only a 15-footer for an eagle. Jacklin pushed an indifferent second shot off to the right, and British hopes seemed ended as the ball headed for the willow scrub. But by a sudden thrust of luck the ball caromed off a slope and onto the green some 50 feet from the hole.

Jacklin swung his putter firmly and sent the long putt on its way, skidding across the rolls and breaks—and in. An eagle. That caused the enormous cheer that Huggert had heard. Shaken, Nicklaus missed his putt, and the match was tied again.

Nicklaus and Jacklin were both nicely on 18 in two, but after Jacklin insured his par Nicklaus hit his first putt five feet past the hole. Despite the crowd of 8,000 jamming around the green, the silence was so complete that the unvoiced prayer for a miss was like a wave of heat. Nicklaus sank the putt and saved the tie. His stroke saved the cup, too, but America's reputation as unbeatable was beyond rescue. The Ryder Cup is a sports event again.

END



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Trials of a boy named Laverne

Coming up to the Little Brown Jug, a very masculine colt with a very feminine name was pacing around as if he were mad at everyone

He is so nervous that he literally jumps at his own shadow—or anybody else's, for that matter. His feelings can be hurt so easily that the least little flick of the whip causes him to go all to pieces. His manners are so bad that he sticks out his tongue at everybody, everywhere, all the time. He is a flake and a kook, but then, as Johnny Cash's song has it, "life ain't easy for a boy named Sue"—so how can it be much better for a colt named Laverne, for heaven's sake?

The full name is Laverne Hanover and for all his hangups, he may wind up as one of the best pacers in harness racing. He is so good, in fact, that his trainer-driver, Billy Haughton, does almost everything humanly possible to humor him. But even a man of Haughton's patience has his limits and last week, before racing Laverne in the \$109,734 Little Brown Jug at Delaware, Ohio, Haughton was drinking Bloody Marys and wondering just what the colt was going to do to him next.

"I tell you," said Haughton, who has long run one of the biggest and most successful stables in the U.S., "he's got me a little spooked. You can't sell when

he's going to pull one of those crazy stunts again."

Haughton got his first glimpse of Laverne's strange twists of mind in the \$182,000 Messenger Stake last May at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. He skipped coming around the final turn, recovered and then just refused to pace farther as Stanley Dancer guided Bye Bye Sam past him for the victory. There was some talk after the Messenger that Laverne had indulged his penchant for trying to leap over shadows that appeared in his path, but Haughton contended that Laverne had been cured of that distressing habit as a 2-year-old.

Then there was the matter of The Adios, another important race held at The Meadows in Pennsylvania. Again Laverne appeared to have the first heat locked up in the stretch, but Haughton made the mistake of tapping him with the whip. Laverne went berserk and finished last. The next two heats Haughton didn't touch him and Laverne won both easily. "I haven't hit him since then," Haughton said, ruefully.

Nevertheless, when Laverne had a mind to, he had paced some pretty fan-

tastic miles over the summer, and the talk around Delaware last week centered mostly on his prospects in the Jug on Thursday—that, and the weather.

As often happens, the Delaware County Fairgrounds was one big mud puddle the day before the Jug, and there was apprehension that the race might have to be delayed a day or so if the rain didn't stop quickly. It was bad enough to force postponement of Wednesday's races, an inconvenience that everyone did not take as cheerfully as one fat fellow staying at the Campbell House motel, headquarters for Jug fans. Early that morning he waddled into the motel parking lot, still clad in his paisley print pajamas.

"Well," he said, looking at the dark sky, "it always rains in Delaware."

Then he walked to his car, pulled out a six-pack of beer and, with a smile and a nod, waddled back into his room, apparently for the duration.

Fortunately, by early Thursday morning the rain had stopped completely and a warm sun was drying out the cozy little racetrack at the fairgrounds. By mid-afternoon the track would be hard and fast, and this meant that Laverne Hanover would have good working conditions when he went to the post. So Haughton was happy—but he should have remembered that life ain't easy for a boy named Laverne, no matter how pleasant it might appear.

The races began early, at 11 a.m., so that the previous day's card could be

continued

TONGUE FLAPPING LOOSE, LAVERNE TURNS INTO THE STRETCH DRIVER, HAUGHTON SITTING CONFIDENTLY IN THIRD PLACE



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raced before the events of Jug Day started—a long day's total of 21 heats. The people began coming at 6, about day-break, to stake out choice vantage points, and they kept coming until 44,721—a record—had filled the grandstand, stood five and six deep around the track and very nearly squeezed the horses right out of their stalls. They came on foot, in cars, on the backs of trucks, and they came in all shapes, sizes and ages. There were bellbottoms and beads mingling with blue-denim coveralls and straw hats. There was hot beer and cold chicken, served from the tailgates of station wagons. There was Charlie Hill's beer truck, a genuine 1917 Sterling, and there was the twangy music of banjos and steel guitars over the P.A. system between races.

"I'll say this for the Jug," said the event's organizer and No. 1 booster, Henry Clay (Hank) Thomson, as he surveyed the masses, "we may not be as fancy as some places, but we sure do have more fun."

Meanwhile, back at the barns, Laverne Hanover had Billy Haughton muttering to himself again. Sometime during the night Laverne had kicked himself in his stall, so that now there were two big knots on his left hind leg.

"I like to died," Haughton said later. "They were great big knots, too, not any little bitty things. It scared the hell out of me because I've seen so many of them bust themselves up in the stall like that. I thought I was going to have to scratch him for sure."

Haughton was not certain whether Laverne would be able to race until 1:30 that afternoon, when he took him out for his first warmup mile. He looked normal enough—big and sleek and sticking his pink tongue way out the right side of his mouth, as he always does—but Haughton could not be sure until he started jogging the colt. "When he stepped off sound, boy, that was a real relief," Haughton said later. "It was like a great big cloud lifting off the top of my head."

To win the Jug, a horse must take two one-mile heats. This year, there were so many horses entered (16) that the first heat had to be raced in two divisions of eight horses each, with the first four limbers in each division advancing to the second heat. If one of the first-heat winners also won the second, the Jug was over and everybody could get back to chicken and beer. Other-

wise, there would have to be a racoff among the heat winners.

Well, Laverne Hanover won the Jug in straight heats, as nearly everyone in Delaware figured he would, but not before poor Billy Haughton almost had a heart attack right there in his sulky. After a 13-to-1 shot named Lightning Wave won the first division—a popular victory because his owners were from down the road in Middletown, Ohio—the crowd pushed up against the fence to watch Laverne duel with an old nemesis, Kat Byrd, in the second division.

Everything was going along smoothly until right before the three-quarter pole, when Haughton and Laverne shifted into high gear and began ripping past horses. As they were picking up steam, a colt named Baker Lobell, driven by curly Smart, suddenly veered out and into them. They hooked wheels, very nearly locking together as in that chaotic racing scene in *Big Har*. For a few seconds it was a grim business.

"My horse's leg wasn't missing curly's wheel that much," said Haughton later, holding his hands about six inches apart. "He came near to derauling me. I almost eliminated me. I don't think curly knew I was coming that fast. Damn, it was tight."

That was the last time Haughton and Laverne had any trouble that afternoon. They went on to win the first heat in 2:00.45, very good considering the track was still slightly heavy. And then the second heat was a laugh, with Laverne winning in 2:00.25. Lightning Wave got second money in the overall finish, with the other half of Haughton's entry, Nardin's Grand Slam, third and Kat Byrd fourth.

So, with Laverne sticking out his tongue at the judges, the fans and the other horses, Haughton drove into victory lane for the second straight year, and for a record fourth time in his career. He was joined there by Laverne's owner, Thomas Murphy of New York City, the heir to a long tradition of winning horses. His late father once trained Thoroughbreds for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and among them was Twenty Grand, winner of the 1931 Kentucky Derby. Murphy had given Haughton \$20,000 to buy Laverne in 1967 and now has \$413,786 back on his investment, with a lot of hug purses ahead.

And that ain't had for a boy named Laverne.

END



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A TALE OF TWO MEN AND ONE CITY

BY MARK KRAM

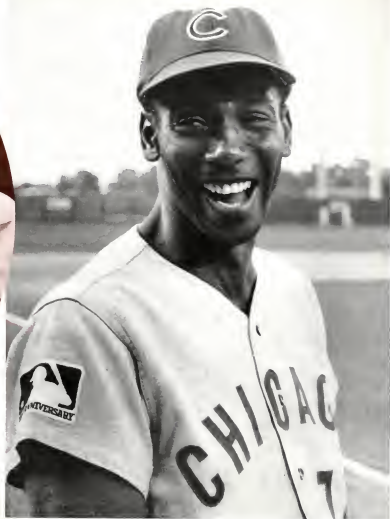


*"Have
another
beer"*

Unlike termites, immortals have seldom been in residence at Wrigley Field. The last colossus was one Hack Wilson, an endomorphic (5' 6", 190 pounds) outfielder who finished each game looking like a chimney sweep. He played hard at night, too. He was religious in his rounds, preferring Al Capone's clubs, where he looked like some stumpy Italian cardinal dispensing to the poor. By morning he could be found slumbering in a tub full of ice in the clubhouse. His most famous words were: "Have another beer." He died in a gutter and is buried in Martinsburg, W. Va., beneath a simple inscription, ONE OF BASEBALL'S IMMORTALS, LOUIS R. (HACK) WILSON, RESTS HERE.

More than two decades melted in Wrigley's afternoon sun before the stockbrokers from LaSalle Street, all the

continued



"Nice job, buddy"

saloon caretakers of the North Side and all the kids who were just starting their exodus from city blocks to suburbia could embrace another player of Wilson's stature. His name was Ernie Banks. The only thing he and Wilson had in common was the fact that neither ever refused to sign an autograph. Other than that, Banks was built like a letter opener, comported himself in the manner of a man applying for a loan and relished his work, the only thing he disliked about playing two games was that he could not play three. His most famous words were, and still are, even in these dour last weeks that have not always treated the Cubs kindly: "Welcome to the friendly confines of Wrigley Field. Oh, oh, it's great to be alive and a Cub on this beautiful sun-kissed afternoon."

That was the way he was when he came up in 1953, and he has never changed. After 16 distinguished years baseball's Edgar Guest is a certainty to be marbled one day at Cooperstown, the place that has tenaciously ignored Hack Wilson. Hack still holds the NL record for home runs, with 56, and the major league RBI record, with 190, but what are you going to do with a guy who, after being admonished for visiting Capone's box at Wrigley, says, "Well, he comes to our place, why shouldn't I go to his?" Clearly, Hack had an image problem, something Ernie Banks will never have—unless Eldridge Cleaver becomes Commissioner of Baseball. Ernie, you see, is baseball, meaning he is what The Game thinks people should think baseball is.

Conjure up all the sonnets, all the treacle that propagandists and the sentimental have contributed to the glorification of The Grand Old Game and that is Ernie. He is well, mustard on a kid's face, Babe Ruth promising a home run to a boy in the hospital, the smell of spring and an old, cracking boyhood glove, and all those memories and moments and everything that is a symbol of America. Never mind the Hack Wilsons, just give them Kate Smith—or, better yet, Ernie Banks. But unlike many players before him, those with their institutional patter and cellophane politeness, Ernie Banks is an original. By just being, he is the greatest promoter baseball has ever had. "He's a hundred billboards on a hundred highways," says Frank Lane. "He's priceless as advertising."

It does not matter to Banks that the game he is pushing is hardly the tranquil, sacred chunk of Americana it once was, a game of joy and grateful, uncomplicating serfs, a game of few issues and even fewer answers. The euphoria, of course, is long gone, but one would never know it around Banks. His spirit is indestructible, and you always know baseball is near when Banks, like the geese honking north, almost every year predicts unflinchingly that the Cubs will win the pennant; not even the old 10-team races envisioned by Joe Cronin and Warren Giles in their annual newspaper columns achieved more fame. No wonder, then, that Banks moonlights doing commercials for a cook-

ie called Sunshine. For there are truly no clouds in Ernie's life. When gloom pervades the Cub clubhouse, as it has so often of late, Ernie flashes a sign that reads: "Want to wake up each morning with a smile? Sleep with a hanger in your mouth."

Banks is particularly animated during batting practice, that soft time in baseball when players, like washwomen hanging over a fence, exchange gossip, reveal small injustices to confidants and bolster their egos with prodigious drives into the stands. The area around the cage is Banks' stage, where he performs like some aging vaudevillian. He sings, jabs at some down-home philosophy and jabbers in a weird patois that dwarfs those ordinary apostles of boosterism. If he is in St. Louis he will say: "St. Louis! Home of the mighty Cardinals and the great Stan. St. Louis! Great city. Meet me in St. Louis, Looose." If he is in New York he will say, "New York, the Big Apple, the Melting Pot of the World. Home of Oh! Cal-cutto! and those pesky Mets! East Side, West Side, all around the town. . . ." In Chicago he overflows.

"Henry Aaron," he says, dramatically, looking over at Aaron. "Henry Aaron! The most dangerous hitter who ever lived! Hall of Fame, here he comes. Henry, let's play two today." Aaron, shaking his head, looks at him curiously.

"Oh," continues Banks, "it's great to be alive in beautiful Wrigley Field." Stepping off the paces, he then acts out a gun duel while humming *The Streets of Laredo*. After spinning around and firing, he stops and says, "If everybody loved baseball, if all the kids played it, there would be no shooting in the world."

"Hey, what about Mayor Daley?" he is asked.

"Mayor Daley!" he says. "Mayor Daley! Chicago! My kind of town! Chicago, that toddlin' town. . . ."

Banks also uses the telephone to spread his word. Earlier in the year he called up Frank Robinson in Baltimore and warned that he would be seeing him in October. He called up Lou Brock to say that, as gallant and great as the Cardinals are, it would be sensible for Lou to forget about "a run for our pennant." Once he reached Willie Mays, and this exchange followed:

Banks: Hello, Willie? That you?

Mays (sleepily): Who is this?

Banks: Who is this? It's Ernie Banks. Listen, Willie. First of all, I want to congratulate you on an outstanding performance last night. You're a wonderful player and fine person. You know that, don't you? We won again this afternoon. Did you know that?

Mays: I know that. Don't you think I know what's going on?

Banks: Wonderful. Then you know the Cubs are going all the way. Nothing's going to stop this team.

Mays: Are you calling me to tell me that?

Banks: I'm calling you to tell you to go out there to

continued



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night and give it your all against the Cardinals. You're a superstar! I want to see you play like a superstar.

Mays: Who's pitching for them?

Banks (positively, as though this were an advantage): Bob Gibson! You hit him. You always hit him. When you come up to the plate against Gibson it's murder. I feel sorry for him tonight.

Mays (giggling): All right. I got to get dressed to go to the ball park.

Banks: Good. That's positive thinking. And when you get there, remember, you're Willie Mays. No. 24. An immortal!

It is doubtful that Banks has ever thought that he, too, might one day be among the sanctified. The figures, though, those drab, tormenting, frequently mendacious little monsters that terrorize players, guarantee him permanent recognition. True, being with a second-division club practically all of his career, Banks may have faced more than just a humane share of second-line pitching, but that hardly pales the fact that he has been one of baseball's few consistently preeminent hitters. Currently he ranks ninth in all-time home runs, and it is quite possible he could rise as high as sixth before he is through, between 1955 and 1960 he hit more homers—248—than anybody in the majors. He has been named the league's Most Valuable Player twice.

Although size does not have much to do with hitting, it is still difficult to imagine Banks having power. His build makes one think of modern sculpture, say a figure made of coat hangers. Where does the power come from? "Ernie," says Clyde McCullough, formerly with the Cubs, "swings a bat like Joe Louis used to throw a punch—short and sweet." Bob Scheffing, one of his many managers, says, "He's got a helluva pair of forearms and wrists. You grab hold of him and it's like grabbing a piece of steel." Once, some years ago, during batting practice Banks'

power was the subject of a more or less informal seminar: "It's his eyes," said Jim Bolger. "Definitely, he's all eyes."

"Maybe," said Walt Moryn. "But I'll take his timing and coordination."

"You're all wrong," concluded Dale Long. "Give me his wrists, and I'll spot each of you 10 home runs before the season starts."

Nearby, grumbling could be heard. Rogers Hornsby, then a Cub batting coach, was talking to himself. He walked over to the theorists and said: "Good eyes, timing, wrists and follow-through." He turned away, leaving behind a loud silence. Rogers had spoken, and his words were like those carved on tablets.

Yet there are a few other aspects that help explain Banks' ability. For one thing, early in his career he began using a 31-ounce bat that, along with his wrists, provided him with flashing bat speed; he could wait till the last microsecond and flick at a ball that was only six inches from the catcher's glove (He is now back to 35 ounces in an effort to cut down on his swing.) Afternoon baseball—Wrigley Field has no lights—both prolonged his career and gave him an edge as a hitter. And the constant wind at Wrigley did not hurt him, either. Critics of Banks, mild and as few as they are, seem to dwell on the Wrigley wind. But if he has been helped by it, it is also true that he has more than once conquered the wind with long home runs that soared into what—his fans say—were hurricanes blowing in from Waveland Avenue. Ernie says simply: "Some you win, some you lose. That's the way the wind blows."

His performance aside, the impressive facet of Banks has been his implacability, his unruffled calm in the face of utter futility and embarrassment. Playing for the Cubs was like doing 10 to 20 at Folsom, a line season for them was one in which they flirted with mediocrity. In an atmosphere such as this it is hard for a player—even if he is

continued

Polsterman Banks met employees on joining Christchurch board



As a candidate for the alternate, Banks visited a lot of them then ran third



Ernie Banks—to retain his identity, to feel that he is of value when after the first two months of the season his club is so far off the pace that nothing seems of value. All that remains for the player, then, is four long, hot months in which the days stretch into other days to the point when on one muggy August afternoon in St. Louis he will stop and wonder if he hasn't a thousand times before what the hell he is doing there and sharply sense the silliness and vacuity of it all.

The milieu in Chicago was all of this and more, a Sahara of baseball where the emptiness was relieved only by Banks or by Phil Wrigley's nightmare boffo, the rotating coaching system. An almanac is necessary to tabulate the number of people Banks played under. All of them came, stayed for a cup of coffee and left as if they were walking in their sleep. Confronted by a parade of emotions, personalities, techniques and desperation, Banks remained Banks. His deportment never tottered amid the chaos, and he gave Chicago what he had, foot down on the gas, every day. He veered away from club politics, and he seemed to play a private game in his own little corner, never stopping to ponder how insignificant he might be or becoming sullen over the fact that all he could look toward each season was a lonely war with those dreadful figures.

The ballplayer's life is compressed in two or three hours each day, during which time he is under a microscope. Everything he does is picked apart. The manager might recognize his subtle contributions, his undramatic abilities that help a club win, but the front office—with few exceptions—learns on the figures for evaluation. Across a season, statistics hang above players like a canopy of gnats. He fears them more than injury, curses them more than the fatigue in his bones. They mean failure, and slowly over the years they leave their little scars on a ballplayer. He becomes suspicious, reticent, sometimes rude, sometimes paranoid. "They are the worst things about the game," says Banks. "They are on a player's mind all the time. He eats them and sleeps with them, and they never let him alone. They change a man. But the figures be. Sure, I've thought about them, but baseball, being a Cub, has always been fun. Fun, fun!"

Says one baseball man: "For a long time I used to think he was just a fantastic put-on. I mean, no sane person could be the way Banks was around the Cubs all

those years. But now, you know, I think it's all real with him. If it isn't, he's certainly an extremely clever man."

Banks was born in Dallas, one of 12 children. His father picked cotton for a time and then became a stock clerk. As a boy Ernie shined shoes on the street, mowed lawns and tried cotton picking, but his father says, "Ernie never learned how to pick it. In fact the only work he ever did was at a hotel. He was supposed to carry out the garbage, but the cans were too heavy. After five days he quit and didn't even go back to collect his money." Banks' interest in baseball, which was slow in developing, grew intense in high school, and when he graduated he was signed by the Kansas City Monarchs, a Negro-league team that traveled in a bus that coughed its way to a different town each night. Tom Baird, the owner of the Monarchs, did not seem particularly fond of Banks, but major league scouts soon were.

"I first heard of him from Bill Norman," says Bill Vecek, who then owned the St. Louis Browns. "He called me up and said, 'There's a kid here you gotta get. Best-lookin' thing I've ever seen.' So I got hold of Baird and asked him how much he wanted. He said \$35,000. I told him I'd call him back. Then I called this banker. I already owed him my life. How about \$35,000, I asked him? He said I already owed him my life. So what, I said, this kid is so great we'll all get even. The banker said

he did not want to get even that much. I called Baird again and asked him if I could put \$3,500 down, and I'd give him the balance when he found me. Baird said the trouble was that he could never find me. All right, I said, do me one favor, Tom. Don't sell him to anyone in the American League. I have enough troubles without another one. I then called up Jim Gallagher and put the Cubs on Banks."

Any other player would have had a gangster's contract out on Vecek in response to his gesture, but certainly not the grateful Banks, who joined the Cubs in September 1953. He arrived at Wrigley without a glove or a flim of his \$35,000 selling price. He was lent a glove and given a book called *How to Play Baseball* by one of the Cub coaches. Banks threw the book away and went on to become a Chicago institution, right up there with Mayor Daley and George Halas. The scope of his appeal was illustrated two years ago when a massive sculpture by Picasso was unveiled. An alderman named John Hoeven described the



Big phone man Banks spreads the good word

continued



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work as a "rusting junk heap" and suggested that it be dismantled and a 50-foot statue of Ernie Banks—that symbol of a "vibrant city"—put in its place.

The only time Chicago has ever rejected Banks—aside from vocal anxiety that his career was at an end in the early '60s—was when he ran for alderman in the Eighth Ward, three miles from Comiskey Park. An independent Republican, Banks conducted an energetic campaign, and he did not miss a utopian base: lower taxes, safe streets, additional libraries, youth recreation, prompt garbage pick-ups and, as usual, a pennant in Wrigley Field. Mayor Daley, a White Sox fan, did not support him. The voters ignored him, too. Maybe, one guessed, it was his theme: "Put a slugger into city hall." The word "slugger" might have made too many people think of slugs, city hall was always notorious for slugs. At any rate, he lost, finishing third in a four-man race. He was not visibly disturbed. How could a Cub, he rationalized, get elected in Comiskey country?

Still, Banks' political ambitions are far from dampened. This August, Governor Richard Ogilvie appointed him to a \$15,000-a-year position on the board of the Chicago Transit Authority. The appointment moved the governor's critics to suggest that he is a man of inestimable vision. Besides being a lure to Cub fans, Banks would be an inspiration in the black areas when Ogilvie seeks reelection. Perhaps, but Banks does not appear to have much clout among the blacks. His lack of militancy bugs them but, more important, they feel he is not a part of The Cause. Much of it has to do with his behavior or stance, which they think is that of a hat-in-hand old timer. He is, too, a handy target for all their frustrations. They see in him all the mortgages that they have a difficult time acquiring, all the cabs that pass them by in their neighborhoods, all the little deaths in their lives.

"I don't agree with that thinking," says one black man. "How can Banks be an Uncle Tom? Why, he's never even been a Negro."

Maybe only a black man can sense what another black man is genuinely all about, but the attitude toward Banks appears to be somewhat harsh. Among his own, he occupies a lonely, pressurized position. He is, perhaps, too saccharine amid the maelstrom of social calamities, but he does not know any other way to be. "I care deeply about my people," says Banks, "but I'm just not one to go about screaming over what I contribute. I'm not black or white. I'm just a human being trying to survive the only way I know how. I don't make enemies. If I'm not crazy about somebody he'll never know it. I kill him with kindness." His latest manager, Leo Durocher, for one, might agree with that.

The union between Durocher and Banks, which began

in 1966, was that in name only. Their disparate attitudes and personalities promised sudden conflict. Durocher was abrasive, insensitive and insistent on maximum competitiveness. Banks was placid, a baseball flower child and a power hitter who must bat to help a club, he has never been bold or much more than mediocre on the bases. Compounding the situation was the reputation that Ernie had. To the press and everyone else, he was Mr. Cub, a title that Leo seemed to resent. In his first spring training with the Cubs, Durocher made his move. He was certain that Banks was just another aging player, and he spent the entire training period using other players at first base. "I wish you'd knock off that Mr. Cub stuff," Leo finally told the press.

But it became evident that Leo's ploy was not going to work. The players he tried in Banks' position were either injured or failed to hit, but he still did not use Banks until shortly before Opening Day. The shock of not seeing Banks in the lineup may have even jolted Durocher, who decided to allow Banks to play himself out of the lineup. Banks never did, and he was a vital figure in the Cubs' climb to respectability. "The one reason why the Cubs are in the first division," Walter Alston said in 1967, "is Ernie Banks." The feeling now is that Durocher and Banks just tolerate each other. Banks is not enamored of Leo, and Leo is certainly not effusive in his praise of Banks: "I remember the time," says a reporter, "when Banks belted a pair of rooftop homers, and I went to the clubhouse. I said to Leo, 'He sure is some kind of ballplayer.' Leo said, 'He sure is. That Beckert [Glenn] is really something.' Beckert had done nothing exceptional that day." Banks, on the other hand, is always shrewdly generous to Durocher.

"I'm watching Ernie on this interview one day," says Bob Kennedy, one of Banks' former managers, "and suddenly from out of nowhere he says, 'Leo Durocher is the greatest manager I've ever seen.' " Laughing, Kennedy adds, "He's incredible. He's beautiful. Can you imagine him saying that about Leo?"

Well, yes, because that's Ernie Banks. "When Ernie dies," says one player, "and the undertaker is finished, he'll rise up and say, 'Nice job, buddy.' " He is one of a kind, a bit unctuous, maybe, and a bit too out of place in the year 1969, but he is, one guesses, more of a private person than many think. He is certainly the antithesis of the other Negro superstars, the silent Henry Aaron, the serious Willie Mays, the combative Jackie Robinson and the suspicious Bob Gibson. Soft colors, better than words, could perhaps define him. The wispy tempera of Andrew Wyeth might catch his gladness, his singularity, what he has that embodies a time in baseball that is no more, or maybe never was.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

If anything, Minnesota (4-3) Manager Billy Martin has proved that he comes on stronger than No-Dor. Last week he accused his Twins of playing "sleepy baseball," a prod that awakened them long enough to virtually nail down the title in the West. Helping immeasurably was Dave Boswell who, since being put to sleep by a Martin punch in August, has won six of his eight decisions. Last week he struck out 22 batters and won twice. Also helping were Jim Perry, who won his 20th game, and Harmon Killebrew, who has declined to rest this season despite being plagued by injuries to his ribs, arm, knee and elbow. Killebrew hit four homers, two against the Oakland A's (2-5), to give him 11 home runs in all and 34 RBIs against his team's chief rivals. The Twins beat Oakland 6-3 and 11-3 to compile a 13-5 record against the club. The A's still will finish second, their highest placing ever, but Owner Charlie Finley has already indulged in his favorite pastime by firing Manager Hank Bauer and replacing him with Coach John McNamara. Eight RBIs by Bill Voss and none by Aurelio Rodriguez gave California (3-3) a tie but not even a 500 spree by Lou Piniella could keep Kansas City (3-4) ahead of Chicago (6-2). The White Sox swept their second and third doubleheaders in four days and went on to take three of four contests from the Royals and tie them for fourth place. Joe Horlen won twice, and the offense was rejuvenated by Luis Aparicio, who hit .583, and Walt Williams, who hit .365. Seattle (2-5) lost four of six one-run games. "Forty thousand people were cheated tonight—the 40,000 who were not here," said Washington

(2-4) Owner Bob Short after a 5-2 loss against the Orioles that was watched by only 5,376 fans. The Senators won on a single in the ninth by Ed Brinkman. The victory was the team's 77th, the Senators' highest total in 18 years. Baltimore (4-2) hoisted six balls in three games but still had a chance to break its own major league mark for fewest errors in a season. Thus far the Orioles have made 92 errors, three fewer than the 1964 team. Boston (3-4) broke its season record for homers, hitting five and increasing its total to 188. And Denny McLain set a Detroit (3-4) mark for shutouts with his ninth of the year. Mike Killebrew, making up for lost time, pitched his second and third shutouts in two weeks. The only record New York (3-3) was shooting for was a 500 season. Cleveland (4-2) won twice in the ninth, first on a homer by Duke Sims, then on a single by Vern Butler.

Standings—East: Balt. 106-67, Det. 94-67, Bos. 91-71, Wash. 75-77, Cle. 61-92, West: Minn. 91-61, Oak. 81-71, Cal. 68-84, KC. 54-90, Chi. 54-90, Tex. 58-93.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

No sooner had New York (5-5) established superiority over the East by pulling five games in front than the Mets began looking as inferior as ever. They lost three straight to Pittsburgh (5-5), one on a six-hitter by Bob Moose. The 21-year-old right-hander, who brought his record to 12-3, had earlier struck out 14 Phillies. In all, the Pirate staff had five complete games and the batters banged out 81 hits, 15 by Matty Alou. One of those hits was a homer by Willie Stangor, the first given up by the Mets in 23 games and 221 innings. Steve Carlton of St. Louis (3-4) set an all-time one-game strike-

out record by fanning 19 Mets, just lost 4-3 on a pair of two-run homers by Ron Swoboda. Carlton later got his 17th win as Chicago (4-4) fumble-tongued away another contest. A pair of eighth-inning errors—bringing the Cubs' total to 10 in five games—helped make winners out of the Cardinals. The Cubs were also stymied by Mike Wegner of Montreal (4-4), who won for the first time in two months on a three-hitler Rick Wise and Grant Jackson of Philadelphia (4-5) notched five-hit wins for the Phillies. San Francisco (6-1) and Atlanta (4-3) moved ahead in the West (page 26). Mike McCormick and Juan Marchal of the Giants each won twice, Marchal becoming a 20-game winner for the sixth time. Relief pitching saved the Braves, who with Cecil Upshaw getting two victories, Hoyt Wilhelm one. Reliever Jim Brower of Los Angeles (3-5) took both ends of a doubleheader from the Reds as the Dodgers for the 37th and 18th times came from behind to win. After errors and pury hitting had cost Cincinnati (3-5) three one-run games, Manager Dave Bristol groaned, "These games bleed you to death." Not bleeding at all was Jim Bouton, who has found new life since joining Houston (3-4). Last week he complemented his 144 LRA for the Astros with the strikeout that broke the league mark of 1,122 strikeouts by a team in a season. Larry Dierker won his 20th game and Tom Griffin shut out the Reds on five hits. San Diego (3-4) defeated the Astros' slugging pennant hopes with a pair of wins, and 19-game loser Clay Kirby stopped the Reds 7-1.

Standings—East: NY 91-61, Cle. 89-66, St. 87-71, Phi. 87-72, Pitt. 61-92, West: St. 134, Wash. 58-86, Atl. 56-85, LA 51-72, C. 51-78, Hou. 49-73, SD 48-105.

HIGHLIGHT

Brooks and Britt, Northey and Christian, Spinks and Lampard: these are the names of youngsters being brought up from the minors for a late-season look. For the most part, it is the Charge of the Very Light Brigade, a group of fuzzy-cheeks who fade away after taking a few futile swings or watching their pitches disappear into oblivion. Some, though, lose the near-anonymity of ring basemen and make the wire services' stories with their full names. Nowhere was this more influx of new comers more evident than among the Yankees, who used five in one game—Frank Tepedino, Dave McDonald, Ron Blomberg, Thurman Munson and John Ellis. Mattson, 22, and Ellis, 21, both set up wins last week with late-inning hits. The new recruits include a spate of outfielders such as Bob Brooks, 23,

of the A's; Bob Christian, 21, of the White Sox and Scott Northey of the Royals, the 22-year-old son of former big leaguer Ron Northey. Brooks beat the Royals 3-2 with a homer and 10th-inning single, and Christian had three homers. Northey, who has the speed his father lacked, had two triples and a stolen base in one game and last week hit .444. Ten pro-vet pitchers include Kent Brett, 21, of the Red Sox, who won twice in eight days, and Scippo Spinks, 22, of the Astros. Spinks struck four in two in wins and also established himself as a bibe spirit by stealing the feathery headpiece from the Brave mascot, Chel Nix-A-Homa. No one, though, made more of an impact than Keith Lampard, 23, of the Astros, who had three hits in four pinch hitting roles, one a two-run homer in the ninth to beat the Reds 3-2. Now, if he kept that pace up. Of such woful things are dreams of next year made.



NORTHEY: YOUNG DREAMER

YESTERDAY

Mystery on a Mountain Top

by JANET GRAHAM

White-faced and shaking, young Friedrich Taugwalder burst into the Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt, pocket telescope in hand and shouted, "An avalanche! On the Matterhorn!" His elders scolded him for spouting such hysterical nonsense. An avalanche in mid-July? From that bare rock face? Impossible. They were right, of course. Friedrich's "avalanche" was not an avalanche at all. Merely four human bodies hurtling down from near the mountain's summit to a ghastly death on the glacier 4,000 feet below. It was July 14, 1865, and 15-year-old Friedrich had witnessed one of the most extraordinary accidents in the annals of mountaineering. It cost four men's lives and wrecked the reputations of the two surviving guides—young Friedrich's own father and brother. But from it, a third survivor, Edward Whymper, the man whose pigheaded impetuosity may have caused the disaster, achieved fame, fortune, and a still standing reputation as one of the great mountaineers of all time.

In the 1860s most men were convinced that the Matterhorn was impregnable. Local legend held that evil spirits dwelt on the gaunt, towering presence looming over the Swiss village of Zermatt and the hamlet of Breuil across the Italian border. A four-sided rock pyramid standing some 14,800 feet in noble isolation with a banner of cloud usually streaming from its peak, the mountain had about it a sinister, haunting quality that affected all who dwelt below. Its faces were swept by violent winds and sudden, terrible rockfalls; and because of its sheerness, the slightest mistake meant certain death to anyone attempting its ascent. No wonder that even in the golden age of mountaineering, the Matterhorn was one of the last great peaks still unconquered.

Two men, however, had an impassioned faith that this defiant mountain could be climbed, and each came to believe it was his God-given destiny to be the first to reach its peak. One was Jean-Antoine Carrel, a former *bersagliere*, or Italian sharpshooter. The other was the gifted, lonely young English artist Edward Whymper, who arrived in Zermatt in 1860 to make drawings and engravings of the Alps for a travel book.

On his first visit, this 20-year-old who had scarcely ever seen a mountain before was content merely to gaze with his queer, burning eyes. The following

year he went on a tentative climb, and the challenge of that black, uncompromising peak cast a spell on him which was to transform his life. Young Whymper became convinced that this was his mountain—and he determined to fit himself to conquer it. By the time he was 25 the inexperienced lad had become one of the most skillful mountaineers of his day.

For three years Carrel and Whymper pitted their wits against the mountain which so obsessed them; time and again, they risked their lives. Sometimes they climbed separately, sometimes together.

Theirs became an admiring, jealous love-hate relationship; each man reluctantly recognizing that he needed the other's skill to make a successful ascent, yet each feeling the mountain to be peculiarly his own. In 1861 Carrel climbed farther up the Matterhorn than any man had been before and carved his initials on the rock face. The following year Whymper surpassed this height, reaching 13,400 feet, and chiseled his own arrogant mark: E.W.A.L., which stood for Edward Whymper Alone.

During the descent from this solitary climb, Whymper fell 200 feet and was nearly killed by a terrifying avalanche of rocks. Recovering from that fall, depressed, injured and friendless, he swore that he would never fail to look after any other Englishman who might find himself ill in the region. It was a vow that would have its bearing on the fateful events of July 1865.

Seven times in five years Whymper tried the climb from the Italian side of the mountain and was beaten back. Then

at last his keen artist's perceptiveness of color and plane made him realize that snow lay all summer on the apparently vertical east face on the Swiss side. Could the snow linger there, he asked himself, if the cliff were really so sheer? He studied the shape of the Italian side of the mountain and saw that the rock strata leaned outward; logically he concluded that the east face probably shelved inward, making a giant natural staircase on which the snow would lie. He therefore determined on an attempt on the east face, and once again engaged Carrel as his guide. Carrel disliked the idea of climbing from Switzerland but agreed to accompany Whymper. It was July 9, 1865; the weather was fair; all looked set for a successful attempt.

Then Whymper heard that a visiting Englishman was lying sick in the valley. Remembering his vow and his own misery when he lay sick and alone, he delayed his climb for a couple of days while he hiked 20 miles to get medicine for the ill man. In doing so, Whymper lost all chance of climbing with Carrel, for the Italian had meanwhile been engaged as a guide by what he described as "a family of distinction." Whymper imagined this was a party of lady tourists and jokingly protested, "That isn't fit work for you." Carrel smiled enigmatically. It was only after the guide had left the hotel that Whymper discovered the truth. Carrel had set off, not with a group of strolling ladies, but with two of the finest mountaineers of the newly formed Italian Alpine Club—and their plan was to climb the Matterhorn from the Italian side. Carrel's heart had been so overjoyed at an offer to climb with Italians, for the glory of his country, that he had let Whymper down. Not only that, but the Italian party, realizing the threat from Whymper, had taken with them all the most expert guides.

Enraged at this conspiracy, and actually weeping with fury and vexation, Whymper ransacked the town of Breuil looking for guides and he found Lord Francis Douglas, an 18-year-old English aristocrat, the son of the Marquis of Queensberry. With only two years climbing experience behind him, Lord Francis was going to make an attempt at the mountain with a guide named Peter Taugwalder, an indifferent mountaineer. Taugwalder had made mistakes on past

continued

climbs, and the Matterhorn was certainly no place for mistakes. But Whympfer was desperate and determined, and he arranged that Douglas and Taugwalder should climb with him. When they arrived at Zermatt they found a superbly skilled guide, Michel Croz, sitting on the low stone wall outside the Monte Rosa Hotel, which was the traditional rendezvous of mountaineers. The question was, could he be persuaded to join them?

Croz had already been engaged by an expert mountaineer, the Rev. Charles Hudson, who was said to be the best amateur climber of the day. During dinner at the Monte Rosa that evening it became apparent that Hudson and Croz also planned to tackle the east face of the Matterhorn, leaving the very next morning. Whympfer grew anguished and saw his hopes dashed afresh; he knew what a great team these two men would be. He had already persuaded Lord Francis to accompany him, in order to get the services of Taugwalder. Now he did his best to talk Hudson into joining his party, instead of competing with it. Whympfer was not a likable man, but he was a most persuasive one, and he soon convinced Hudson it would be dangerous to have two rival parties on the same face of the mountain at once. Hudson agreed to join forces with Whympfer, Douglas and Taugwalder. There was just one thing—Hudson had a young man with him, Douglas Hadow, a fresh-faced boy of 19 just out of school. Whympfer looked anxious: had the lad climbed before? Hudson assured Whympfer that Hadow could manage the climb, and such was Whympfer's anxiety and haste that he took Hudson's word for it. In fact, young Hadow was almost totally inexperienced.

So the party was casually thrown together—Whympfer, Lord Francis Douglas, Taugwalder, Hudson, Hadow and Croz: plus Taugwalder's son, "Young Peter," as porter. Seven was an unwieldy number; furthermore, there were only two professional climbers for four amateurs. The safe ratio should have been one guide to each amateur, but the self-confident Hudson and Whympfer considered they were just as good as guides.

July 13 dawned sparklingly clear, and the party was in high spirits as they left the Monte Rosa at daybreak. To begin with all went well, and the group made

excellent time, reaching 11,000 feet by midday at which time they decided to pitch camp.

The second day presented no real difficulties until, after a time, the north-east ridge became too steep. The party roped themselves together and made their way across on to the north face. This was covered with a film of treacherous ice where the snow had melted and refrozen. It was tough going, and the novice Hadow was soon in difficulties; he needed constant help and several times started to slip. It was a supremely dangerous spot, lying above a sheer drop of three-quarters of a mile down to the Matterhorn Glacier. But after an hour and a half of struggle they came up to pure snow, an easy run of 200 yards to the peak. Victory, so long and desperately sought, was at last in sight. Bursting with excitement, Whympfer and Croz were so carried away that they did not want to unice themselves. Rashly, Whympfer took his knife and sliced through the stout rope which joined the two men, so that they were free to race up to the top.

At this great moment, Whympfer—it is good to report—felt pangs of sadness, thinking of the bitter disappointment Carrel would feel. He wrote later, "He was the man, of all those who attempted the ascent of the Matterhorn, who most deserved to be the first upon its summit. For a time he had the game in his hands: he played it as he thought best; but he made a false move, and he lost it."

Croz made a flag from his blue smock to celebrate his own triumph and put it on a tent pole optimistically brought along for the purpose, but where were their rivals now? Looking down on the Italian side, they spied the tiny ant figures far below them. "We must make them hear us; they *shall* hear us!" Whympfer exclaimed, and the party shouted themselves hoarse and tossed stones down until they were sure their triumph had been acknowledged.

They spent an hour on the summit after that, reveling in their victory and building a cairn of stones to mark their success before starting on the dangerous descent.

The haphazard order in which the descending party roped themselves together now seems inexplicable. It was a grave error of judgment caused by excitement and the spirits, negligence and lack of

leadership. Croz, as the most experienced, should certainly have been last man, to support the others if they fell. Instead, he went first. The inexperienced Hadow came next, then Hudson, then Douglas—so that three amateur climbers were roped together without a guide in between them. Next came old Peter Taugwalder, then Whympfer and last of all, in the key position, young Taugwalder, who had been brought along only as a porter.

Everything went smoothly until they approached the tricky ice-covered rock shoulder which lay above the three-quarter mile precipice. And then disaster struck. Croz was trying to place young Hadow's feet in the right positions. Hadow apparently slipped, knocked Croz off balance, and the two men fell into space dragging Hudson and Douglas with them. The strong and wiry Peter Taugwalder clutched a big rock and braced himself, making a stupendous effort to hold all four men. For a moment it looked as though they would be saved. And then—the rope snapped.

Of all the Matterhorn mysteries this surely was the strangest. For the rope which had been used to make this crucial link between the three amateurs and the guide Taugwalder was not the stout Alpine Club-approved manila but the frail window cord which had been brought along as spare stuff for making handrails. Whympfer claimed the guide had chosen this deliberately, in order to save his own neck if the others fell. Whympfer's accusation cruelly clouded the rest of the old man's life.

Whoever bore the guilt, the four victims certainly met a horrifying death. Lord Francis' body was never found and still lies somewhere beneath the great glacier. The others were stripped of their clothes and boots by the violence of the fall; mere fragments of fabric were recovered; some of their mangled limbs had been torn right off; Hudson was identified only by his whiskers and part of a check.

The descent of the three survivors was a waking nightmare. Whympfer's overwrought imagination even conjured up the notion that the two Taugwalders might try to murder him, and he sat all night with his back to a rock, his axe in his hand. Next morning the three men entered the Monte Rosa Hotel and were met by Seiler, the proprietor. Whympfer said, "The Taugwalders and I have re-

turned." Realizing at once the dreadful import of these words, Seiler burst into tears.

Two days later, Carrel achieved the first ascent of the Matterhorn from the Italian side. So ended the duel between the two men, but not the controversy, which has raged ever since. Back in England, a leading article in *The Times* thundered criticisms of such wanton waste of life. Queen Victoria wanted all mountain climbing banned. Ironically, however, the tragedy brought Whympster enormous success as a writer and assured him a lifelong income. His *Scrambles Among The Alps* has become a classic of mountaineering literature. In it he wrote, "There have been joys too great to be described in words, and there have been griefs upon which I have not dared to dwell; and with these in mind I say, climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are nought without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime."

They joke today that Matterhorn climbers are in most danger from slippery orange peel left behind by trippers. Now that the ascent can be made in a day by mere slips of girls, with 60 climbers a day going up in summer, it is hard to believe what a cruel giant it once seemed. But in the little cemetery in Zermatt, dominated by the huge black outline of the mountain, pilgrims come to visit the victims' graves, to relive the shock and sorrow of the disaster and to puzzle once more over the unsolved mysteries of the first ascent. Why did the climbers descend in that ludicrously unsafe order? Why was the weak rope really used? Could Taugwalder have saved the four victims if the stout rope had been used—or would all seven men have been pulled to their deaths? And who was really responsible—was the fault Carrel's for letting Whympster down; or Hudson's for bringing young Hadow; or Taugwalder's for using the weak rope; or Whympster's for recklessly assembling an unsafe party?

Zermatt is a tranquil village, full of peaceful little inns. But late at night, when the wine flows freely and tempers are raised, the air still rings with accusations and counteraccusations about the accident. The enquiring stranger, particularly if he is an Englishman, is met with a sudden silence. And above the valley the mighty Matterhorn grimly preserves its secrets.

END

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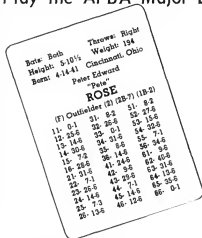
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LIKE IT WAS

Sirs:

Your 1989 College Football Issue (Sept 15) was terrific! The best yet. A job well done.

THOMAS KOLESKE

Chicago

Sirs:

Congratulations for *The First 100 Years*, another great in-depth story on football. Thank you for telling it like it was.

PIET JOHNSON

Baltimore

Sirs:

It's sort of futile to pick an All-Century football team from many thousands. Three who just can't be left off an all-time team are Buck Muller, Ernie Nevers and Jim Thorpe, although you put them on the best eleven of their respective decades.

FREDERICK M. EPIFEY, D.D.S.

San Francisco

Sirs:

As a loyal Notre Dame fan who can appreciate a poke at our proposed canonization for all Irish All-Americans, I cannot help asking if you would print what one reader would propose if the South Benders were given all 11 places on the All-Century team: Leon Hart (E); George Connor (T); Jack Cannon (G); Dick Szymanski (C); Bill Fischer (G); Kevin Hardy (T); Jim Seymour (F); Johnny Lujack (B); Paul Hornung (B); George Gipp (B); Nick Faddy (B)?

I hope I have not started something.

STEPHEN BURKE

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

A backfield of the '30s without Jay Berwanger, University of Chicago, the first Heisman Trophy winner? You've gotta be kidding.

ROBERT E. FITZGERALD, M.D.

Vancouver, Wash.

Sirs:

How about the great Syracuse running backs of the '60s: Ernie Davis, first Negro Heisman Trophy winner, who averaged 6.6 yards per carry rushing for 2,386 career yards (1959-61); Floyd Little (1964-66), three-time All-America, who had 4,947 total yards gained; and Larry Csonka (1965-67)?

R. W. VIVIAN

Palm Springs, Calif.

Sirs:

Based on the premise that your selection of George Gipp and Leon Hart is correct, then there are two obvious errors in later

selections. Missing from your team of the '60s are the two men who broke the records of the aforementioned: Ever hear of Hanratty and Seymour?

Apologies will be accepted.

WILLIAM C. KANE

Tombawanda, N.Y.

PEPPERY WORDS

Sirs:

Last fall, after our game with Nebraska in which Coach Bob Devaney made a bold gamble that later turned out to his disadvantage, I made this comment in the locker room: "I always knew Coach Devaney was courageous, but I never thought he was that courageous." One of the writers at the back of the group misunderstood what I said, and he came out with a story quoting me as follows: "I always knew Coach Devaney was crazy, but I never thought he was that crazy."

Fortunately other writers present related to Coach Devaney what I had actually said, and our friendship was not damaged.

In your College Football Issue one of your writers said that I believe Coach Dan Devine of Missouri "has a tendency to choke in the big games."

I have never said such a thing. I do not entertain such a thought, and if I did I most certainly would not say such a thing because it would only tarnish a friendship with a great coach and rile up our oldest rival both on the field and on the recruiting circuit.

A lot of people said I was crazy when I failed to kick a field goal in the Orange Bowl last January. I may be crazy, but not this crazy.

PEPPER RODGERS
Head Football Coach
University of Kansas

Lawrence, Kans.

HIGH HOPES

Sirs:

If your No. 1 prediction for Ohio State holds true and Woody Hayes' forces win another national championship, your next task should be to start advocating the termination of the Big Ten policy prohibiting repeat Rose Bowl appearances by conference champions. This policy will eventually lead to the complacency that Hayes fears.

PATRICK DI STEFANO

New York City

Sirs:

It's gonna take a heap of complacency for the Nitrary Lions to wind up behind the Buckeyes and the Longhorns.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carlsde, Pa.

Sirs:

USC is washed up. Cal, UCLA and Washington have as much chance as USC does. My prediction: Stanford vs. Indiana.

DAVID BURRATT

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sirs:

I take offense at your mention of the Air Force Academy as one of the "laughers" on Notre Dame's schedule. Need I remind you that the "laughers" beat your 17th-ranked team, SMU, 26-22 on national television in the first game of the season? The Cadet Wing expects to go to the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day with a 10-0 record intact.

GARY J. BILSON

U.S. Air Force Academy
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

For a football team with "no depth, no power, no defense and no hope," Wake Forest University performed a miracle Saturday night, Sept. 13, when it upset the Atlantic Coast Conference's No. 1 team, North Carolina State University, 22-21 at Raleigh.

OTIS KEEFER

Winston-Salem, N.C.

MOM'S SUPPORT

Sirs:

After having raised three now-grown daughters and being presently blessed (?) with a lone, 15-year-old, gangling, lumbering, heavy-footed, 170-pound 6-foot son, I arise to heartily applaud Katherine Carlson's magnificent, amusing and oh-so-true article (16B) *Mom Supports the Game*, Sept. 8. It should be required reading for at least a million mothers and two million fathers.

While Mrs. Carlson does not exactly express approval of the whole system, I'm sold on it. In spite of the obvious faults and frequent inequities, it gives boys of this age a much-needed direction, exposes them to the authority of someone outside the home (other than the regular schoolteachers), while allowing them to gainfully run off their excess energies. It shows them the necessity and value of cooperation with others, instead of plodding their own individual ways. It also makes them aware of the necessities of keeping their schoolwork at least within reason to retain playing eligibility no matter how weary they are and the discipline of having to do something they would greatly prefer not to do.

While football is very often harder for the mother to live through than the boy, I'm all for it.

VIVIAN LEONARD

Monte Vista, Colo.

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

DART FEVER

Sirs:

Joe Jares' marvelous article, *Closing the Missile Gap in U.S. Pubs* (Sept. 8), took me back a few years to my days as a junior officer on the aircraft carrier *Howick*. When the ship put into the port of Kobe, Japan, some fellow officers and I happened to stumble into an English-type pub called the King's Arms. This tavern had several dart boards with lively games in progress at each board. After striking up a conversation with several of the Limey dart throwers over a few draughts, we were invited to try our hand at this "foreign" game. Naturally, our performance was rather spastic when compared to that of our hosts. However, we were bitten by the "dart fever" bug.

Our next port of call was Hong Kong, where we were able to purchase several sets of darts and a dart board in a sporting-goods store. From then on while at sea, Foy Frank, Fast Eddie, the Animal, Turk, the Duck and other junior officers would gather in Foy's stateroom after the evening meal to "loss a few." We all became reasonably proficient with a dart.

Thanks, Joe, for helping me to dust off a few memories. Now let's see, where did I last see those darts of mine....

ALAN L. WILLIAMS

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

A loud hurrah for Joe Jares' article on darts for its areas of enlightenment—followed by the Wet Noodle award for its obvious provincialism and sensationalism in emphasizing Eastern "characters" and hostility. How you could concentrate on isolated groups of players in the East and virtually ignore the more than 1,300 organized players in California is quite incomprehensible.

When will someone emphasize the sportsmanship learned and friends made through the universal game of 301? The painful efforts of a handful of local hunters are looked upon with disdain by our membership, while those from out of town are "grapevined" within hours after their arrival and are soon gone.

In what other game will you see tears in the eyes of a nonathletic type winning his first trophy ever—as part of a team?

We would welcome inquiries from those readers needing instruction or assistance in forming leagues.

DICK MITCHELL
President
Southern California
Darts Association

Culver City, Calif.

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